The Saturday Evening Post

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A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY J. WARREN WATSON.

Climbing up to the summit of fame
With a firm and imperious tread,
With a mouth coldly chiseled in scorn,
And a heart that is feelingless—dead!
With ambition still spurring me on,
I neglect humble friendship and love!
Yes, I trample the flowers at my feet,
For I covet the stars far above!

* * * * * *

Years have passed, and the bauble is mine!
From renown's dizzy height I can gaze,
On the pigmies whose scorn I once felt,
And despise both their censure and praise.
Smiling fortune extends me her hand,
Free from grief's bitter, cankerous leaven—
Yet I'd change all my laurels for FAITH—
For the pauper's meek Jesus and Heaven!

Denton, Mich.

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FACE TO FACE, AT LAST.

Mr. Tremaine had not been able to decide the preceding evening on which side Mr. Colby had arrayed himself. He had a very strong distate for discussing his private and finer feelings with people who could have little interest in them beyond curiosity, and he did desire that Dora should make her own explanations, otherwise he could have gone at once to Catherine Dawson. Neither did he wish to see the lawyer. After some consideration he despatched a note to Mr. Colby, requesting Mrs. Dora Tremaine's address.

"Ross," he said to his cashier as he sauntered around in the interim of waiting, "do you remember the particulars of the Walsingham fortune? Colby was connected with it in some way."

"Why—yes. It was settled about the time you went to Europe, I think. Everybody believed Colby to be pretty well off, but it seems this fortune wasn't his own at all, only if the heirs didn't make their appearance by a certain time, it was to revert to him. Unfortunately for Colby they came to light at the very last moment, and he was compelled to retire from his elegant brown-stone mansion. He always was rather pompous and consequential, though."

"But those other people?" said Tremaine impatiently. "How many were there?"

"The fortune had to be divided between a son and a daughter. It seems this Mr. Walsingham ran off to Europe with a pretty girl, a foreigner and poor, so his father disowned him, but relented on his death bed and made this curious will. It was odd that they should return to America just in time and so little to spare! It must have been a great blow to Colby. The son is a fine looking young fellow, and the mother was pointed out to me in the street one day—a girlish little thing with a very foreign air. Eastman had the case."

A very respectable story indeed. He did not care to ask about the daughter, and felt thankful that she was not included in the general gossip.

Just then his message came. He gave one or two important orders, and left Ross busy with a great pile of St. Louis papers.

Ralph Tremaine had no very clear idea of what he should do. Somehow he did not want to think at all. He had thought and planned so much in the beginning, but nothing had ever come of it. So he hailed the first car, and after seating himself took out his paper and began reading.

Mrs. Walsingham's residence was quite up town, but in a very convenient locality. Quiet and unpretending, the steps and walk freshly cleaned from last night's drizzle.

"Was Mrs. Walsingham at home, and could he see her—on some business?"

The tidy servant ushered him into the library, which was used as a general sitting-room, it being sunny, and Mrs. Walsingham having an old world love for sunshine.

"Would the gentleman give his name?"

He hesitated—then said—"I am a stranger."

A light step in the hall and the entrance of a fair, pretty-looking woman, as every one said, in a soft blue cashmere morning-dress, with the daintiest of slippered feet, and stray curls wandering out of her net; like a gleam of gold around her piquant face. Somehow he could hardly believe her any kin to Dora, and yet Dora had just that turn of the head, that bright, arch, fearless expression.

He rose awkwardly and flushed in his embarrassment. But then he was such a plain, straightforward fellow, and never beat about for fanciful phrases when the truth was at hand.

"I am Ralph Tremaine," he said—"your daughter Dora's husband!"

She gave a little cry of surprise, and then glanced him over. The large gray eyes looked so tender and pitiful, the soft lines about the mouth were hardly hidden by the narrow droop of moustache, the broad brow was frank and honorable, just the kind of man one would take for a friend and trust implicitly. With the words—"Your daughter Dora's husband" still sounding in her brain she gave him her hand.

"There has been a misunderstanding," he said rather confusedly, "but I believe a few words can explain it. And—Jasper Cameron is dead!"

"Thank God! Dora is free, and will be—happy."

"Yes, I hope—it is not too late! Can I see Dora?"

His voice was unsteady with emotion. Dora's mother had no arbitrary desire to hear the explanations first, and was off like a flash. When she returned the low tone had in it the sound of hardly suppressed tears

"Will you come up to her room?"

She led the way, and he followed gravely, his heart beating at every step as if it would strangle him. Mrs. Walsingham opened the door, and he entered alone.

Dora had been lying on the sofa with a breakfast shawl thrown lightly over her. She had made it last winter, and he remembered well the contrast of the scarlet with the soft chinchilla. As she rose it slipped to the floor, and she stood there strangely abashed, trembling, flushing, her eyes overflowing with tears.

His glance took her in instantly, from the shimmering hair down to the foot that hesitated in its next step. And then she was folded in his arms, clasped to his heart.

"Oh, Dora!" and there was a world of tenderest pathos, as well as softened upbraiding in his voice; "oh, Dora, why have you waited? Why did you not fly to me before? What other refuge could there be for you like your husband's home and heart?"

She strove to unclasp his arms and put him away. For now she felt suddenly hard and cold toward him. When was this refuge open to her?

"Ralph," she said bitterly, "I have had no husband since that June morning so long ago! I have been an outcast and suffered—God knows how deeply. Perhaps it was just—but that did not soften the pang."

He glanced at her in dim amaze, and yet it gave him an exquisite thrill. Since that day he had been enthroned in her heart, and her truth and loyalty had never swerved. Oh, he had been wild to think that any other man might win her love!

"If you had come! If you had even sent a message during those first agonizing days! Dora, had you so little faith in my love or pity that you could not trust yourself to it?"

She shrank from the glance of those grave, clear eyes, still clouded a little with their past sorrow. Oh, why *had* she doubted?

"I can never tell you how I watched through those interminable days and nights for some sign, hardly knowing which way to turn. And that you should wait for him to tell his story first—a man who would not scruple to use any base lie to further his plans. He made me understand that your wish was for seclusion."

Dora raised her eyes, bewildered. Was it all a series of vile, specious falsehoods? Had he been deceived as well? Dizzy of brain and weak of limb, she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms and seated her on the sofa. So fond, yet with a kind of awesome tenderness that well nigh moved her to passionate weeping.

"My darling," he said, "you love me. I am hungering for the one word that acquits you, makes you blameless in my sight for all time."

"Oh, Ralph!" and she kissed him with a convulsive sob. "If you had gone to Catherine first," she said wearily, for it seemed impossible for her ever to unravel the tangled mass. "She watched over me those fearful days and nights when it appeared as if I *must* die, only miserable people never do. And she knows every thought, every wish of my heart."

"Am I never to know?"

A slow, wounded tone that touched her deeply and made her feel quite like a culprit again.

"Catherine sent on the first evening. We went up to the Park for a quiet place in which to talk, and then I had just strength enough to reach her. She sent a message to you, otherwise I must have crawled to you, when I came to my senses. And then I waited. Oh, Ralph, I may have been wrong, but in such a cruel strait one cannot tell what to do. For I had never dreamed of Jasper Cameron being alive—and I knew then that I was *not* your lawful wife."

"I ought to have known *that* long before, Dora?"

He took the flushed and tearful face between both hands and looked into the eyes with tender seriousness, for he felt the pain of that wound so keenly.

"I trusted you. There was not an event of my whole life but what you did know, or might have known," he continued, as she did not reply.

"Oh, Ralph, don't quite kill me with reproach!" she exclaimed, passionately. "For though I look so guilty in your eyes, it was not my fault until after we were married."

"I don't mean to reproach you, Heaven knows! I always did believe that you could explain the mystery—and now that we are to begin our lives over again—"

He meant to forgive her then, to take her back. With the bitter past staring her in the face, she had no desire for concealment or excuse.

"I will tell you how it was, Ralph, though thinking it over since I have been here, my whole life seems like a series of improbable events. But first that strange isolated girlhood and my fatal marriage."

He placed his arm around her and drew her head to a rest upon his shoulder. The old, fond, tender care. How had she lived without it these weary months?

She repeated the same story that she had once told Catherine, and by its aid Mr. Tremaine understood Mrs. Cameron's incoherent recital. The promise she had extorted from her supposed uncle and its non-fulfillment, and the wretched hesitation afterward—but here he interrupted her.

"*He* might have trusted me. And if you had loved me a little better, Dora—!"

She crept closer to him, and the soft, wet face was pressed against his. Ah, she loved him now. He should never doubt again.

"And then that morning, Dora? You must have had some presentiment!"

"I had a thousand! And if you had remained, I must have told you. Mr. Colby sent for me to come to the city afterward, but I didn't understand the import of the note at all. I meant to come directly to you with it—but at the station I met Jasper Cameron. And after that it seems like a horrible nightmare until I saw Catherine standing in her own door!"

"My poor darling! Why did you not come to me instead?"

"I was so frightened. And then I wanted to see you alone first, and explain the mystery. Well, Catherine, not knowing anything, sent for you at a venture."

"The message never reached me. After three days of horrible, wearing anxiety, I was surprised by a visit from Jasper Cameron, and a story that somehow I could not disbelieve. He did not mention your being ill, but intimated that it was at your desire he withheld your address. I may have been too proud—but it hardly appeared my place to intrude upon you."

And so one by one the links in the whole chain came out. That the fortune had been Jasper Cameron's aim from the very first, and that he meant to isolate and intimidate Dora until through very fear she would acknowledge his claim, while his villainous offer to Colby showed that he was hardly confident of success with her.

"And it is so odd that Colby should not have mentioned it," Tremaine said, thoughtfully. "Every one appears to have conspired against me."

They would never know the stronger motive that impelled Mr. Colby to keep the secret, while they had been missing, and wrongly interpreting, each other. It hardly appeared that they could have gone on so for months, when a simple confession would have brought matters straight so easily.

"I came to Woodlea once," Dora said, after a pause.

"Yes." How well he remembered the night!

She raised her eyes with something of their old, eager expression.

"You were jealous, Dora."

"Bitterly so. To see that handsome woman in my place—"

"Not in *your* place, my darling. God will bear me witness that no such thought ever entered my mind. I invited them to Woodlea from motives of the most simple hospitality; and if they had not come, I should have shut up the house. And though I think Edith is a sweeter, better, and nobler woman than when I first loved her, my heart was too full of loss and sorrow to take in another. Will you believe me, Dora?"

"Yes," she said, softly, kissing him. "And I was unjust that night—but I was wild with agony."

"I'm a stupid old fellow, Dora. You know I never could fathom mysteries, nor even guess riddles. I always had to be told the plain truth. And if you will say once more that you love me, and that nothing shall ever come between us—?"

She met the sweet, grave smile with one as fond, but the tender solemnity of his tones brought the tears to her eyes.

"I shall never be careless or willful again," she said with slow seriousness. "These months of anguish have taught me what you were to me, and though they have been very hard, the experience has opened our eyes to higher, truer joys. And you are quite sure that you forgive all?"

"All, my darling."

And then they were content to sit in silence until they were disturbed by the ringing of a bell.

"That's for lunch," Dora announced. "Will you go down and have some with mamma, or shall it be brought up here?"

He smiled wistfully.

"Since you do not come to lunch very often, you must be indulged, I suppose."

That was so like the old bright Dora. And yet in some incomprehensible way she was changed; not less sweet or winsome, but with a shy, appealing grace, a kind of dependence and submission that he had never observed in her before.

The servant brought up a tray, and Dora arranged it to her liking on a little table. Some toast and chocolate, and a few tempting French dishes.

"Mamma has quite spoiled us," she said. "I am afraid you will find me fanciful and troublesome when you take me back. But, Ralph, it's so delightful to have a mother!"

"Yes. I'm glad you found some comfort out of all the care and suffering, and one dear friend."

"Catherine was very good to me. I think sometimes I must have died but for her tenderness. And, Ralph, I'm quite a rich woman, only I have disposed of part of my fortune."

"And now you may dispose of it all."

She laughed. In his eyes she would be the same without a penny.

Afterward they took Mrs. Walsingham into their council. It would be best, Mr. Tremaine said, to have another marriage ceremony immediately. To be sure Jasper Cameron was dead and would never trouble them again, and Dora had gained an honorable release. He would bring a clergyman that evening, and then he bade her adieu for a brief while.

From Mrs. Walsingham's he went direct to Catherine Dawson's, for Dora had spoken of sending a note. And there he learned more than Dora had told, a story that was to sink deeply in his heart through all the years to come. Catherine softened very much towards him when she understood all that he had suffered.

"I had more than one misgiving that Jasper Cameron was playing false to the dear bairn. But she could never have loved him; no, not if it had been a choice between that and begging her bread. If ever a man met with the justice of God its you villain, and though it's hard to be sent to one's Maker without a prayer for mercy, yet if he'd lived fifty years, he'd been no better prepared. There wasn't a drop of blood in him but what was bad. And, Mr. Tremaine, if you are sometimes tempted to doubt—"

"I never shall be, my good friend. The man's whole career was a tissue of lies. To-day Dora stands blameless in my mind for all, save not trusting me sooner."

"It was a hard thing in the face of all that happened, Mr. Tremaine."

"Yes. I can never sufficiently thank you for your kind care of her."

And then the two shook hands in a friendly fashion.

"He's a gentleman after all," Catherine said to herself as he went away.

That evening in her mother's quiet parlor, Dora Walsingham repeated her vows again. "Till death do us part" had a new significance for both. Stacy and Mr. Tremaine clasped hands upon a bond of brotherhood scarcely less strong.

"But we are to lose her after all," Mrs. Walsingham said to her son. "And we have just learned to love her so dearly! Mr. Tremaine insists upon taking her to Woodlea."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT HOME.

It must be confessed that Mr. Tremaine went to business the next morning with quite the awkward feeling of a newly wedded bridegroom. He colored a little when Ross looked at him so sharply, and the complicated list of figures and entries that had been so clear to him in St. Louis were a strange muddle. He could hardly tell whether it was days or weeks since the murder of Jasper Cameron.

And there was the explanation to be made at Woodlea. Dora had so far overcome her feeling of aversion to Mrs. Merrivour as to beg Ralph to ask her to remain. Indeed I think she felt quite charitably disposed toward the whole world.

After the most important matters had received his supervision, he took the train for home, although it seemed less like it, because he felt that Dora's kisses awaited him elsewhere. By an odd coincidence Barton was on this train, though rather out of his usual time. The two men nodded, and then Tremaine held out his hand cordially.

"Your trip did you a world of good," Barton said, glancing at the fresh, cheerful face. Why, he hardly looked like the Tremaine of last summer!

"Yes, though it is not all due to that," with the grave, satisfied smile. "The old trouble and perplexity has been cleared up; it's a long story, Barton, but Mrs. Tremaine was heir to quite a fortune, which the wrong person was trying to gain possession of, and the excitement rendered her very seriously ill. She is better, and is to return home shortly."

"Upon my word, I'm glad, Tremaine! I've often wondered how it all ended."

"Like a romance;" and Tremaine's happy face attested the truth.

That was all the explanation necessary. Very few knew, or ever would know the whole truth. The fact of Dora's fortune and the discovery of relatives would quiet any chance suspicion, and he was thankful that it had not been made a subject of gossip. They could come back to their olden life and happiness, and the curiosity would soon die away.

The lawn and garden looked a little faded and bare in this pale November sunshine. The walks were littered with dead leaves, though some clusters of chrysanthemums were still in bloom, and the evergreens stood out in their dark green glory. A hush about it all, a kind of loneliness that sent a pain to Ralph Tremaine's heart.

"It will all be different when she comes!" he thought, and somehow it seemed as if he had never brought her here before. A new bliss was to be added to their lives, a more thorough understanding of each other. There in the leafless summer house she had said so long ago—"The wife who loves you;" and God alone knew how true it had been. To him it was a later revelation.

Aunt Lester was alone in the library, for Edith had gone out to walk off the restless

THE HOUSE OF PETER THE GREAT.

Our engraving presents a view of the house at Deptford, England, which was occupied by the Czar, Peter the Great, while pursuing his studies in the art of shipbuilding, in the neighboring dockyard. Peter was determined to make Russia a naval power—and so went to England, and learned shipbuilding himself, working, it is said, as a common workman.

Apropos to this, it appears that the greater part of the Deptford dockyard is held on a peppercorn rent, under the will of the celebrated John Evelyn. In the time of Evelyn land at Deptford was of but little value; and, being anxious to encourage shipbuilding, he gave land to the English government at an annual rent of a peppercorn, on condition that there *should always be a ship on the stocks;* and during the twenty-six years it was closed, up to 1843, the letter, if not the spirit, of Evelyn's will was carried out by the keel of a vessel being laid down, and then left incompleted. At the present time there is only one vessel left on the stocks; and if this should be launched without another vessel being laid down, it is said the greater part of the dockyard and its valuable storehouses would revert to the present descendant of Evelyn, who is a Frenchman residing abroad. Under these circumstances, the yard will probably be secured as before, by keeping an unfinished vessel in it. Great is Law!

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

fever that beset her. He was rather glad to find her thus, and after the first surprised greeting he drew up his chair beside her.

"Aunt," he said, "I have an odd romance to tell you;" and he related the necessary particulars of Dora's story from another point, but not so skillfully as to lead even her slow perception astray.

"It's your own wife, Ralph," she said in a maze of bewilderment, "isn't it, dear? And how much she must have suffered! To think of that Mr. Cameron being such a wretch! so smooth spoken and all, and making us believe that he loved Dora so much! He *was* very gentlemanly to us abroad, though Edith didn't exactly like him. And what are you going to do, Ralph?"

"I have made Dora my legal wife, and shall bring her home in a few days."

"How strange! I wonder what Edith will say? Poor Edith!"

And then their eyes met. Mrs. Lester's still wet with the tears she had shed over Dora's sorrows, but more pathetic with the grief and disappointment of her own child.

"Poor Edith! You'll think none the worse of her, Ralph; but I know she must have loved you in that old time, when her father made her marry Mr. Merrivour. She never was happy, and though I suppose you love Dora best now, still I can't help thinking if it had been different then, it would be so pleasant for us all;" and she broke down, sobbing.

"Edith is still young, and may marry happily."

A shadow crossed the wide porch.

"Hush," she whispered tremblingly, "don't tell her, don't ever tell any one! I couldn't help it!" and she was sobbing piteously.

Edith glanced from one to the other in surprise, as she opened the door. Mr. Tremaine came forward, and in a few words explained the situation. She paused, standing in the middle of the room like some beautiful statue, the blossoming roses of her walk dying slowly out of her cheeks.

"Ralph," she exclaimed almost haughtily, "you do not mean that you believe these improbable events? that you restore to confidence the woman who so basely deceived you, who showed by her silence and indecision that she *did* care for another?"

A less noble man might have been angered.

"Edith," he returned with a grand patience in his voice, "when you come to know Dora, and the tangled threads of her life, crossed so often by other hands, you will do her justice, I know. I have told your mother the whole story."

Then he went out to give a few orders to Mrs. Maybin. When he returned, Edith was regally calm. They touched a little upon their own movements.

"Dora wishes you to remain," Ralph explained. "You are my only relatives, and she is grateful for your kindness to me in this dreary time. Stay a week at least. I want you to become acquainted with her."

And after some discussion this plan was finally agreed upon. Mr. Tremaine was anxious to be settled again in his own house, and had said to Dora—"My dear, you may come down and spend every day with your mother, or we will take her to live with us, but I want you at home immediately;" and Dora yielded, despite her mother's entreaties.

It was a kind of triumphal procession after all, Mrs. Walsingham and Stacy accompanying them. And there was Dora's own room, warm and cheerful, though looking a little prim, she declared, and she was so glad to get back to it that she fell into Ralph's arms and cried like a baby.

"I have something to show you before we go down," he said, as he was hunting about the drawers and closets. And opening a tiny box, he held before her a withered rose.

"Your last gift!"

"Oh, Ralph! I wonder if I deserved to be remembered so tenderly?"

"My darling!"

She knew then that his heart had never wavered, and in the midst of her joy she paused to thank God for this tender, loyal love.

Mrs. Maybin had certainly done her best for the dinner. It was a sumptuous feast. The introductions took place then.

Edith Merrivour came down a very queen. Somehow she had put the passion and the regret of her life in her face and attire on this day. She meant to be royally beautiful, and she was. She meant to shine down this happier woman, to make her poor and insignificant in her husband's eyes, and to lead her to question her own supremacy. Mrs. Walsingham was stunned a little by the dazzling vision. Why, women like this had swayed kings in the old world, and made their power felt through an empire! How had this grave, kindly man, with his generous, susceptible nature, escaped the snare of her syren comfort in his hours of torturing despondency?

Edith smiled on the right and the left, she drew them all to her like a charmed centre. She was brilliant, fascinating—and made the most of her relationship. Did any heart tremble in fear?

Dora Tremaine did something better than foolishly fighting her rival on this high ground.

She accepted the eclipse with so winsome a grace, that Edith scarcely discerned a victory. For hers was not rare loveliness, nor royal presence—but she was a happy wife, sheltered in her husband's heart. Since he loved her, let the rest go by like shadows!

And Edith, alone in her room after the lights were out, took off her mask and resigned herself to reverie. The haughty lips curled that she, Edith Merrivour should add another to the list of weak women conquered by love. Years ago she had smiled at it and knelt to worship a golden god, learned to know the flavor of bitter kisses and bitterer words. And when she might have brought her soul up to the worship of a loftier shrine, this common place girl must sit enthroned thereon! Farewell to foolish dreams, to hopes of redemption! She and the world must clasp hands again, for had she not been thrust out from the peaceful fireside, where women grow into the likeness of angels?

There were some changes at Woodlea. Mrs. Merrivour took a handsome mansion in the city, and Mrs. Maybin was persuaded to accept the post of housekeeper—since Mr. Tremaine did not raise a dissenting voice. But Mrs. Lester kissed the young wife many times, kissed her and cried over her in a perfect luxury of unrestrained emotion.

"My dear," she said, "you have the best husband in the whole world; and I'm sure I hope you will be happy. I never supposed I should like you half as well, and sometimes I can hardly help envying your mother."

Dora's warm heart was touched by this tribute, and she made Mrs. Lester promise to visit her at every opportunity.

"For I always loved Ralph like a son!" were her parting words.

"And now that Mrs. Maybin is well out of the house, I'm going to have my own way," said Dora, as if she had always been a deeply tyrannized over individual. "I'm going to beg Catherine Dawson to come, and Ralph, you must keep Mark as gardener, and all that. He is getting old, and somehow the world hasn't prospered remarkably with him."

I'm not sure but Ralph Tremaine would have gone after the Queen of Sheba, if Dora had insisted, with a sort of blind faith that he might persuade her to come out of her grave.

But Catherine was much more available, and though Mark demurred a little at first, the kind offer seemed too good to refuse.

By the time they were all settled, a peculiar awe fell over the house, the beginning of the strange mystery, whose furthest bound is death. A faint little voice going up even to God's presence with its tiny cry, and filling the room and those who first heard it with a passion of tender pity for the new, helpless life. In the dawn of Christmas morning Dora Tremaine pressed her child to her heart.

"I thought once to have him all to myself," she said later in the day as her husband bent over her with speechless love and thankfulness. "But he shall be a Christmas gift to both!"

Ralph Tremaine remembered the evening out in the evergreen walk, when he had been wild with pain and grief, and unconsciously breathed the one haunting possibility of his life, so strangely realized now, like some sudden blessing after long prayer. And then his eyes filled slowly with tears. How she must have suffered through all that time!

"Hush, dear," she said when he would have spoken, "God knew best. Maybe I should never have loved you so well, never have prayed so truly for this little one's life, but for that dreary time. And it's all past now. Yet if he had been fatherless, he would never have lacked love or tender care."

"I think I should have had some presentiment and came," Ralph Tremaine said with his fervent kiss.

And as the years go on no cloud comes to mar their peace. Dora is bright, tender and winsome, with a more noble beauty than Edith's, her husband thinks; and as the frost of time begins to gather at his temples and thread his soft brown beard, he grows young again in the merry group that run over the lawn and shout a noisy welcome to "papa," devouring him with kisses, and half strangling him with eager, dimpled hands.

Mrs. Lester comes up now and then, glad to escape from the thraldom of her daughter's fashionable mansion, to this free, natural life, where the children climb over her and tumble their playthings in her lap, and where she can talk unrestrainedly, and cry a little if she chooses. Dora has grown like a daughter to her.

For Dora's own mother has a divided interest. Stacy is one of the prosperous men of the day, and his wife and little ones claim her attention. She will always look young and pretty even when her hair is silvery. Dora loves her, out of her abundance, yet she gives a secret, tender pity to Aunt Lester. And though she learned Edith's secret long ago, she never teases Ralph about it.

For in his brave, earnest manliness, he thinks he has guarded it from all eyes.

[THE END.]

☞ A clergyman of Wolcott, Vermont, has patented a globe made of strong linen paper, in sections, which folds up so as to look like a thick sheet of paper. By means of a steel spring it is sprung into shape, so that in all respects, it is a perfect artificial globe for common school use.

☞ Ostrich raising has been commenced in Australia on a grand scale. Among the huge stories in which letters from that region indulge, it is said that they have fenced in ten thousand acres, where ostriches are kept; and it is found that the feathers of a full-grown bird will sell for $100 a year.

☞ Grant has made a thousand appointments. The number of his disappointments is set down at one hundred thousand.

☞ A country newspaper stated that a young lady at an amateur concert had won a well-deserved encore by the exquisite taste with which she sang "An Angel's Whisker."

☞ A Tennessee woman, 34 years of age, is the mother of twenty-three children. She commenced at fifteen; has had six single children, twins seven times, and last month triplets.

☞ "It is undeniable," says Prentice, "that in America it takes three to make a couple, he, she and a hired girl. Had Adam been a modern there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Abel and 'raise Cain.'"

☞ Emile de Girardin has just been challenged by Anatole de la Forge. In reply he proposes that each shouldtake a ream of paper, a bottle of ink, and a box of pens, and that the combat should last till paper, ink, and pens are used up.

☞ A Mrs. Arbuckle, of Indiana, draws a pension for herself and sixteen children. Pensions are not allowed children after they become 16 years old. How many children exceeding that age Mrs. Arbuckle has is not stated.

☞ One of the aims in farming should be to produce, as far as possible, everything you consume—to buy nothing you can raise yourself.

☞ Benares—the Sacred City of the Hindus—is a city so ancient that its origin is only mythically recorded. As the religious centre of Hinduism, of Buddhism, and then of Hinduism again, and for a long period as a secondary centre of Islamism, it has influenced the faith of more than half of the world's population.

☞ The Bengal Nabob in Europe is a sensitive plant in cool latitudes, and has been obliged to line his linen trowsers with fur. On the morning of his quitting the Grand Hotel in Paris, for London, he paid for three coats of Russian sable, made for himself and sons; the cold weather, to which he is unaccustomed, having rendered warm garments necessary. The little bill for these furs amounted to $21,000. His highness paid the bill without hesitation.

☞ Baron Rothschild's estate has been settled, and amounts to $340,000,000 in gold. It is gratifying to know that his family will be able, with proper exertion, to keep the wolf from the door.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 10 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 20 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and all the chapters of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood, up to this date.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been. In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Red Court Farm.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We design commencing in the next paper the new story, by Gustave Aimard, entitled

The Last of the Incas.

In this story, Mr. Aimard carries the reader to virgin soil—he leaves the flowery Savannahs of Mexico for the desolate pampas of South America. The new work is believed to contain much useful information about the natural history and the resources of a comparatively unknown country, in addition to the usual fascinating scenes of daring, peril, and adventure.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SALT-WATER DICK. By MAY MANNERING. One of the "Helping Hand" series. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by James S. Claxton, Philada.

DOTTY DIMPLE AT SCHOOL. By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories." One of the Dotty Dimple Stories. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by James S. Claxton, Philada.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW—and other poems. By J. W. WATSON. Published by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND FARM MACHINERY, and the Principles of their Construction and Use: with Simple and Practical Explanations of the Laws of Motion and Force as applied on the Farm. With 287 Illustrations. By JOHN J. THOMAS. Published by O. Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. From the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, L.L. D., Classical Examiner in the University of London. With Maps and Wood-cuts. This is designed as a Text Book for Biblical studies, and appears to be well adapted for that purpose. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FOR HER SAKE. By FREDERICK W. ROBINSON, author of "Carry's Confession," &c. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE GATES WIDE OPEN; OR, SCENES IN ANOTHER WORLD. By GEORGE WOOD, author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," &c. This is an attempt to picture the Scenes and Society of Another World. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, 822 Chestnut street, Philada.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN; AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. E. H. J. CLEAVELAND. Published by Clark & Maynard, New York. A small collection of poems, having considerable merit. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE CHANGED BRIDES. By Mrs. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philada.

HANS BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN. And other New Ballads. This is a second series of the well-known Breitmann Ballads. By CHARLES G. LELAND. It is printed on fine, toned paper, and has what seems to be a portrait of the illustrious Breitmann on the cover. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE ARK OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. ELIJA KELLOGG, author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

☞ The citizens of New York are to be treated to a sensation this summer in the person of M. Chevalier who has arrived here from Paris with the intention of crossing the Atlantic in a balloon. His experience has convinced him that at a certain altitude there is a strong current constantly running from the West to the East. And while he is satisfied that the balloon can never be made a permanent means of aerial navigation, yet he has determined to make this experiment for the purpose of further observation.

☞ One of the female clerks recently dismissed from the Treasury Department, called there on Monday to ascertain if the demand of a Congressman that she should be reinstated would be successful. "I must know at once," said she, "for I have received an offer of marriage—and although I don't fancy the man, if I can't get reinstated, I must accept."

☞ A writer now in Rome says that the dirtiest people on the face of the earth are the Romans. He thinks our reputation for being the best expectorators is not deserved. We cannot beat the Italians. Men, women, and children make the floors of the churches during worship, not excepting St. Peter's, filthy beyond description.

☞ Mrs. Livegood committed suicide at Iowa City, a few days ago, by taking poison. She had been "fearfully wrought up" at a revival meeting, and heard the minister speak of backsliding as an unpardonable sin. She feared that she would fall from grace, and therefore took her life before she should be tempted to do so.

☞ The Prairie Farmer says a Kentucky woman feels more pride in having the first green peas than the first spring bonnet.

☞ A very full stomach in a horse always crowds his lungs so that he cannot go fast, or work hard, without danger. Let this be always kept in mind.

☞ The Buffalo Commercial, of Friday last says: "Justice Mitchell yesterday afternoon united in marriage Mr. James Duffy, aged forty-five, and Mrs. Julia Ann Waters, aged forty-four. The lady, after the ceremony, informed the 'squire that she was the mother of sixteen children. Rather encouraging for James, that!"

☞ John G. Saxe was walking up Broadway the other day, when he was accosted by a friend, who asked where he was bound. The poet replied, "To Boston this afternoon, *Deo Volente*." "What route is that?" asked the inquirer. "By way of Providence, of course."

☞ "Where is the hoe, Sambo?" "Wid de rake, massa!" "Well, where is the rake?" "Why, wid de hoe." "Well, well—where are they both?" "Why, both togedder, massa—you 'pears to be berry 'ticular dis mornin'!"

☞ On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets—a light draught one, as there was only two feet deep of water in the channel—the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations were made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming: "Go ahead with your darned old steamboat! I'll walk behind you!"

☞ At a party given by a great banker, who had made millions on Government securities and the like, a lady wit pointed out to her companion, also a banker, the wife of the host, remarking, "What a splendid creature! She ought to be a countess!" "Oh, yes; beautiful enough and clever enough," was the reply, "but perhaps she prefers to be a discountess."

☞ Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, the ablest of Southern public men, is still very feeble, and the accident which prostrated him has had effects much more serious than he at first supposed. At present locomotion is almost impossible.

☞ Colonel Charles O. Rogers, who died recently in Boston, is the first American newspaper man who has died worth a million. He came to Boston less than thirty years ago, and went to work at a salary of $12 per week. He managed the Boston Journal with marked success, bringing it up from a very small concern to be one of the most influential and prosperous journals of the country. He was a generous man, pleasant and genial, and beloved by all sorts and conditions of men.

☞ Annie Campbell, of Glengarry, has arrived at the great age of 126 years, and is as active and diligent in her duties as many a woman of 60, having frequently, during the past season, milked as many as twelve cows daily. For fifty years she lived as servant in the family of John Murray. During her life she has never had occasion to consult a doctor nor take a drop of medicine, which last is a good thing not to take. She is a kindly person and very hospitable.

☞ Few German lunatic asylums are without some man who imagines himself to be Abraham Lincoln.

Marrying a Lord.

The English lords are becoming more appreciative of American beauty and cleverness. A few days since the Rev. Dr. Adams's church, Madison Square, New York, was crowded with the beauty, wealth, and worth of that "Nothing-to-Wear" region, to witness the nuptials of Mr. Maury, son of Lord Maury, and nephew of the Duke of Althorp, and Miss Marie Gilbert, a charming and accomplished lady, well known in the higher circles of New York society. A fine selection of unsabbatical but very popular operatic music was brilliantly executed by the organist of that staunch and rigid old Presbyterian church prior to the commencement of the marriage ceremony. The wedding party consisted of seven beautiful young ladies who attended the bride, and the same number of groomsmen. The bridesmaids, led by the bride, entered the church by the middle aisle, the groom and groomsmen by the side aisle, and meeting them at the altar. This, we are told, is the latest and most approved fashion. The bridal robe, which came from Paris, was of superb white satin, over which was an entire dress of magnificent round-point lace. It was made in accordance with the prevailing style—very low in the neck and with a very long train, perhaps four yards in length. The bridesmaids' dresses were gotten up in a similar style of elegance and magnificence to correspond. At the conclusion of the church ceremony the newly-married couple, together with a large number of relatives and friends, adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, in West Twenty-second street, near Fifth Avenue, where a brilliant reception was held. The bride was the recipient of numerous gifts, some of which were quite handsome, especially a number sent from Europe.

The New York Woman's Club.

Rather more than a year ago a number of the literary ladies of New York sent in a proposition to the committee of the Dickens dinner, that ladies should be present on the occasion as well as gentlemen. The request was not acceded to, and a lady named Mrs. Croly was thereupon "stimulated to the formation of a representative woman's club." She called a meeting at her own house, at which were present Mrs. C. B. Wilbour, Mme. Botta, Mrs. Henry M. Field, Mrs. Ottarson, and Miss Kate Field. Other ladies afterwards joined, among whom was "Fanny Fern" (Mrs. Fanny Fern Parton). Various minor difficulties were encountered at the commencement with regard to the appointment of officers, and the selection of a name. With regard to the latter object, "Mrs. Croly saw in a botanical dictionary the word 'Sorosis,' which signifies aggregation, growth, perfection; as the result of such aggregation, 'Sorosis,' a rich fruit growing out of many flowers;" and, after the proposing and trying of other appellations, "Soro-sis" is the name adopted by the woman's club.

Coercing an Audience.

One of the poets of the first empire, Nepomucene Lemercier, wrote a tragedy, whose hero was Christopher Columbus. He had in it violated the unities which Frenchmen for years considered an inviolable law of tragedy. In those days the students were as great zealots of Aristotle's precept as they are now hostile to it. When Lemercier's piece was played the students hissed it with great vehemence. Napoleon admired Lemercier, and when he heard the tragedy had been hissed, he ordered it to be played again. It was again hissed. He became furious. He ordered it to be played a third time, and went to the theatre accompanied by a regiment of soldiers. The first and second acts were heard in silence. It was at the third act the hisses were most vigorous. When the curtain rose on the third act, Napoleon leaned over his box and looked at the students to see if they would dare oppose his known will in his presence. What should he see but the whole audience, from the pit to the last tier, wearing nightcaps, and pretending to be fast asleep. The sight was so odd, Napoleon could not help laughing, and he gave up attempting to support the tragedy.

THE ALABAMA CASE.—The *London Times* has an editorial article on the rejected Alabama treaty, wherein it asserts that the government of Great Britain, in submitting to an arbitration on the question at all, conceded everything that was generally demanded or expected by the American people, and everything that it was possible to concede.

The London *Morning Standard* reviews the relative positions of the United States and Great Britain, and asserts that raids and other outrages perpetrated by the American Fenians in Canada, during the past few years, more than counterbalance the depredations committed by the Alabama on American commerce. The government of Great Britain, in consenting to submit the mutual international grievances to arbitration, did more than could be fairly demanded, and to yield further would be an act of cowardice and irreparable degradation.

Such is the general view of the English press, without distinction of party.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The junction of the Union with the Central Pacific Railroad, at Promontory Point, Utah, was effected on the 10th, and there is now railroad communication across the continent. The event was celebrated by jubilant demonstrations in various cities of the Union. In this city, the bell of Independence Hall was rung in honor of the achievement. At New York a salute was fired, and a special service held in Trinity Church. At Chicago there was an impromptu parade, several miles in length, addressed by Vice President Colfax and Lieut. Governor Bross, fireworks, bonfires and illuminations. A despatch from Sacramento, California, announces the arrival of a train of Springfield cars on the 13th, which were the first to cross the continent.

☞ Senator Sumner started in political life as a great Peace man—an oration in favor of Peace, and against war as foolish and wrong, before the authorities of Boston, having first brought him prominently before the public. A funny world this!

☞ D. Brown Sequard relates a curious case of a dog, which had just died having fresh blood passed into the carotid. The dead animal was revived, stood on his feet, wagged his tail, and lived over twelve hours, when he died again.

☞ The Chicago Butcher's Society offer a silver belt with a buckle of gold to the butcher who can kill and dress an ox in the shortest time.

Charming Women.

FROM THE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW.

The charming woman is generally notoriously in love with her husband, who is almost always inferior to her in birth, acquirements, manner, or appearance. This affection of hers only shows her feminine qualities of sacrifice and wifely devotion to greater advantage, and makes other men envy more ferociously the lucky fellow who has drawn such a prize. The husband of a charming woman is indeed lucky in the world's esteem; no man more so. Though he may be one of the most ordinary, perhaps unpleasant, fellows you know, with a sour face, an underbred air, and by no means famous in his special sphere, his wife speaks of him enthusiastically as so good, so clever, so delightful; no one knows how good he is, she says, though, of course, he has his little peculiarities of temper, and the rest of it, and perhaps every one would not bear with them as she does. But then she knows him, and knows his wonderful worth and value! If they are not seen much together, that comes from causes over which they have no control, not from anything like disinclination to each other's society. Certainly, for so happy a marriage, it is a little surprising how very seldom they are together, and how all her friends are hers only, and not his; and how much she goes into society without him. On the whole, counting hours, they live very much more apart than united; but that is the misfortune of his career, of his health, or of hers—a misfortune due to any cause but that of diversity of tastes and inharmoniousness of pursuits. Full of home affection and the tenderest sentiment as she is, the charming woman does sometimes the oddest-looking things, which a rough little domestic creature without graceful pretensions would not dream of doing. Her child is lying dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and she appears at the grand ball of the season, subdued, certainly—how well that sweet melancholy becomes her!—but always graceful, always thoughtful for others, and attentive; and though, indeed, she will tell you, she does not know how she got dressed at all, she is in such a state of cruel anxiety, yet she is undeniably the best-dressed woman in the room, and the most carefully appointed. It is against her own will that she is there, you may be sure, but she has been forced to sacrifice herself, and tear herself away for an hour. The exigencies of society are so merciless—the world is such a terrible Juggernaut, she says, raising her eyes with plaintive earnestness to yours in the breathing times of the waltz.

The charming woman is the gentlest of her sex. She would not do a cruel thing nor say an unkind word for the world. When she tells you the unpleasant things which ill-natured people have said of your friends or hers, she tells them in the sweetest and dearest way imaginable. She is so sure there is not a syllable of truth in it at all; and what a shame it is that people should be so ill-natured! In the gentle tone of sympathy and deprecation peculiar to her, she gives you all the ugly and uncomfortable reports that have come to her, of which you have never heard a breath until this moment; yet it is you who are stupid, for she tells them to you as if they were of patent notoriety to the whole world; only she does not believe them, remember! She takes the most scrupulous care to deny and defend as she retails, and you cannot class her with the tribe of the ill-natured whom she censures, setting, as she does, the whole strength of her gentle words and generous disbelief to oppose these ugly rumors. Yet you wish she had not told you. Her disclaimers spring so evidently from the affectionate amiability of her own mind, which cannot bear to think evil, that they have not much effect upon you. The excuse dies away from your memory, but the ill-savored report roots, and you feel that you have lost your respect for your former friends for ever; or, if they were only hers, that nothing should tempt you to know them. There is no smoke without some fire, you think; and the charming woman cannot possibly have kindled the flame herself out of sticks, and leaves, and rubbish of her own collecting. But how sweet and charitable she was when she told you! how much you love her for her tenderness of nature! what a guileless and delightful creature she is!

The charming woman is kind and graceful, but she does not command the stronger virtues. She flatters sweetly, but, it must be confessed, she fibs as sweetly. She sometimes owns to this, but only to fibs that do more good than harm—fibs into which she is forced for the sake of peace and to avoid mischief. It is a feminine privilege, she says; and men agree with her. Truth at all times, bold, uncompromising, stern-faced truth, is coarse and indelicate, she says; a masculine quality as little fitted for women as courage or great bodily strength. Her husband knows that she fibs; her friends at times find her out too; but though the women throw it at her as an accusation, the men accept it as a quality without which she would be less the charming woman that she is; and not only forgive it, but like her the better for the grace, and tact, and suppleness she displays in the process of manufacture. Here are not the severer virtues, but the gentler, the more insinuating; and absolute truth—truth at any price and on all occasions—does not come into the list. Charming women, with their plastic manners and non-aggressive force, always have their own way in the end. They are the women who influence by unseen methods, and who shrink from any open display of power. They know that their *metier* is to soothe men, to put them on good terms with themselves, and so to get the benefit of the good humor they induce; and they dread nothing so much as a contest of wills. They coax and flatter for their rights, and consequently they are given privileges in excess of their rights; whereas the women who take their rights, as things to which they are entitled without favor, lose them and their privileges together. The art of self-abasement for future exaltation is one which it is given only to few to carry to perfection, but no woman is really charming without it. In fact, it is part of her power; and she knows it. Though charming women are decidedly the favorites with men, they are careful to keep on good terms with their own sex; and in society you may often see them almost ostentatiously surrounded by women only, whom they take pains to please, or exert themselves to amuse, but whom they throw into the shade in the most astonishing way. Whatever these really charming women are, or do, or wear, is exactly the right thing; and every other woman fails in proportion of the distance she is removed from this model. If a charming woman is dressed richly, the simpler costumes of her friends look poor and mean; if she is *a la bergere*, the court dresses about her are vulgar; if she is gay, quietness is dullness; if she is quiet, laughter is coarse. And there is no use in imitating her. She is the very will-o'-the-wisp of her circle, and no sooner shows her light here than she flits away there; she has no sooner set one fashion, which her admiring friends have adopted with infinite pains and trouble, than she has struck out a new one, which renders all the previous labor in vain. This is part of her very essence; and the originality which is simply perfection that cannot be repeated, and not eccentricity that no one will imitate, comes in as one of the finest and most potent of her charms.

☞ M. d'Aureville, theatrical critic of the Nian Jaune, lately having said something which displeased Mademoiselle Duverger, an actress at the Gaite, that lady called him out, and the duel came off on Sunday afternoon at St. Germain. Mademoiselle Duverger chose pistols, and at the first shot succeeded in tearing off one of the locks of hair which adorned her opponent's head. Her seconds—two actresses from the same theatre—then declared honor satisfied, and the party wound up the day by a dinner at the Pavilion Henry IV.

☞ A lapidary of our acquaintance says that the gas companies are quite right—considering their blackness—to talk of their lights as *gas jets*.

☞ A farmer in the neighborhood of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, has all his last year's butter on hand—between one and two tons—for which he was offered last winter fifty-two cents per pound. He asked fifty-five, and—keeps his butter, which will soon be fit for wagon grease.

☞ Fanny Fern says that "the coming woman shall be no cold, angular, flat chested, narrow-shouldered, skimpy, sharp-visaged Betsy; but she shall be a bright-eyed, full-chested, broad-shouldered, large-souled, intellectual being, able to walk, able to eat, and able to fulfill her natural destiny."

☞ When steel pens were introduced, nine were sold for a dollar, with the common quill for a handle. A gross of so much better quality that the first comers would not be looked at in comparison, can now be bought for 50 cents.

☞ A young soldier who went to Washington some time since as an applicant for a consulate, having spent all his money and pawned his watch, has gone to driving cart at $1.50 per diem for a street contractor.

☞ I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.—*Mackenzie.*

☞ General John A. Logan has been elected Commander-in-Chief, Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, Senior Vice Commander, and Dr. S. B. Wylie Mitchell, Surgeon-General of the Grand Army of the Republic.

☞ General George Thomas was waited on a few days ago by some of his old army comrades and asked to accept a valuable present of a silver tea service. The general, however, declined the magnificent gift, adding that he had determined never to receive a testimonial under any circumstances.

☞ $6,000 damages have been awarded a New York firm, which brought suit against the United States Telegraph Company, for failing to transmit messages ordering the purchase of petroleum.

☞ Misfortunes work more or less according to the weakness or resolution of the patient.

☞ The present and the future, are rivals, and whoever pays court to the one must resign the other.

☞ Going into the company of great men is like going into the other world,—you ought to stay till you are called.

☞ A wag at a dinner-party called out suddenly to the host, "Mr. Smith!" There was a silence. "Mr. Smith, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory?". After the usual number of guesses an answer came, "Anne Chovy."

☞ Those are the best instructors that teach in their lives, and prove their words by their actions.

☞ Conversation is the legs on which thought walks, and writing the wings by which it flies.

☞ Regrets, towards the evening of life, will occur nearly to all, even the happiest. We mourn the departure of the luminary, though his setting be glorious.

☞ During the run of Fechter's impersonation of the Danish Prince at the Lyceum, two languid swells, who were evidently quite in the dark about Shakspeare, occupied seats in the stalls. Having yawned through three acts, they exchanged views on the drama. "Haw—how d'ye like it?" one asked. "Not bad," drawled the other. "No! but—haw—doooed full of quotations, ain't it?"

☞ X——, of Paris, despairing of finding a boot to fit his foot, goes to a new shop every month. Lately with a fresh recommendation he hunted up a new cordwainer, where he inquired the price and had his measure taken. "You know M. Paul Feval, I suppose," said X——, as he prepared to go out. "Know him! I should think I did!" replied the shoemaker, with spirit, "I gave him his first corn."

☞ The following formula for acknowledging a bouquet may be useful to editors and other literary gentlemen! We believe it originates with the New Orleans Picayune: "Tinted with the blue of the softest summer skies, and laden with a perfume recalling the delicious sea-air on a summer morn, was the glorious bouquet of double violets, flecked here and there with white Lady-bank roses, sent us yesterday by a fair friend from Jefferson. Rare and odorous blossoms, caught together by the delicate hands of a woman who has an eye to effect and a soul to drink in and comprehend the beautiful, are cheering companions, and bring a sparkling pleasure to the eye dulled by the monotonous aspect of printed pages."

☞ A Frankfort dealer in autographs examined the other day Prince Napoleon's collection of autograph letters of Napoleon the First, and startled the fat cousin of the present Emperor not a little by telling him that nearly one-third of these letters were adroit forgeries. Most of these letters have been printed in the "Official Correspondence of Napoleon the First" at the Imprimerie Imperiale.

The King's English.

It is curious to notice the changes which the King's English undergoes in its passage westward with the course of empire, and the idioms which almost every district may claim the honor of originating, or the blunders which each sturdy Anglo-Saxon unconsciously makes.

The Yankee passing westward is amused at the broad accent and peculiar blunders of the people he meets. He smiles when they say "I allow," for "I think," and can hardly repress an audible laugh when they talk of a "*right-smart chance of wheat*," or a "*powerful heap of tobacco.*" As he goes eastward the flat, yet drawling accents, seem to his unused ears very insipid, and the characteristic phrases often need an interpreter.

Does he hear an appointment for a lecture in the evening? He waits, it may be until 7½ o'clock, and then, attired in his best, goes to the designated place, there to learn that "the lecture was not *at night*, but at *two o'clock in the evening*," and that "*meeting broke at four.*"

Does he teach school (and of course he must if a travelling Yankee,) he will be confused and amused with the new and strange uses of the King's English among the juvenile population. "When will it be books, or when will school *take* up?" the children probably inquire on the morning of his arrival. "Can I go and get a bucket of water?" a child next asks, holding in his hand what the teacher calls a *two quart tin pail*. "Have you learned your spelling-lesson?" he inquires of a bright little girl, as the time for that lesson approaches. "*Well, I reckon,*" she replies, with a twinkle of the eye which leaves the teacher further in doubt as to her meaning. "Do you know where Columbus was born?" he asks at a venture of another Miss. She shakes her head and answers respectfully, "I *disremember.*"

The Yankee can hardly keep his gravity as every day reveals some new peculiarity in the speech and manners of the people about him, and yet, if he minds not his p's and q's, the quick-eared southerners are all the time having their laugh at his expense. It does not signify to them that he makes far less blunders than they, since they know it not. "Doesn't he say 'hadn't ought to,' and 'bunnet,' and 'yis' and 'yisterdy,' and doesn't he mince and swallow his words, the Yankee schoolmaster?"

The charm of novelty gone, or necessity impelling, does our hero take his carpet-bag and go still further westward, on, on to the land of gold; there the speech of the people, no less than the climate, is every day revealing something new.

Does he call on a friend? He is told that he has gone a few hundred miles into the country after "*a little pigeon*," and will not be back in a couple of weeks. Thinking his friend a fool for going so far for a *little pigeon* he turns away in disgust, not dreaming that *pigeon* means *business* in the native dialect, and that the laugh comes in on his side of the house.

Weary at length of wandering, our adventurer returns to his native east, surprised to notice many peculiarities of speech and habit which had before escaped his observation. His brother, to be sure, does not say, "I have saw," or "I seen," but he often says, "I see it yesterday." His intimate friend, when chatting familiarly around the fireside, forgets his *company* talk, and says "mornin'," and "talkin'," and "walkin'," and so on, indefinitely.

Our hero wonders if people talked so queerly before he went away, and ceases to boast of *eastern infallibility* in all things. At length, however, he marries and settles down in the comfortable belief that, with all its faults, there is no place like home. He still murders the King's English, occasionally, but, perhaps, less frequently than of old, except, it may be, when *talking with the baby.*—*J. H. M. in the Maine Journal of Education.*

AURORA BOREALIS.—The Baltimore Sun states that a remarkable auroral display was observed in that city at half-past five on the afternoon of Thursday last, May 13th. This aurora by daylight was seen directly in the north-west, and a bank of dark clouds having gathered immediately in its front and down to the horizon, the auroral light illuminated their upper and scolloped edges as with a border of burnished silver, while there radiated out from it, far up into the zenith, bars of the whitest and clearest light, fan-shaped, and with lines delicately, yet distinctly marked. The contrast between the blackness of cloud below and the brilliant rays of light above is described as rendering the scene the more striking. During the afternoon, commencing at 2.30 P. M., the Western Union Telegraph Company was working without batteries, especially between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, the air being heavily charged with electricity.

☞ "I am come for my umbrella," said the lender of it, on a rainy day to a friend. "Can't help that," said the borrower, "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but—what am I to do?"

"Do!" said the other, as he opened the umbrella, and walked off, "do as I did—borrow one."

☞ A young man near Council Bluffs, Iowa, recently undertook to blow medicine into the eye of a horse. To do this he used a slender tin tube about three feet long. The horse threw up his head, struck the tube and drove it under the young man's tongue and into his windpipe. It is feared that the injuries are fatal.

☞ There is a man in New Haven, Connecticut, who has a mania for photographs, and gathers them at various galleries in the country, sometimes buying two or three hundred at a time. He has now about six thousand of men, women and children, and from them he can select a picture that can be recognized by most any one as a deceased father, mother, brother, sister or other relatives, when in reality it is a picture of an utter stranger.

☞ Do they have music on board the Newport steamboats in order that people may travel on the Sound?

☞ In the upper counties of Virginia peanuts will take the place of tobacco to a large extent the coming season. The peanut culture has grown up almost entirely since the war, and its present magnitude may be chiefly ascribed to the fondness contracted for these nuts by the soldiers of both armies, who occupied by turns the section of country in which they were cultivated. A demand for them sprang up immediately after the disbandment of the military. The crop has become the most profitable grown in Eastern Virginia. The average price for last year's crop cannot have been less than $2.50 per bushel.

THE MODERN PROPOSAL.

BY EDWARD ELLIS KIDDER.

HE.

Your papa has property,
So, my dear, has mine;
You are fond of company,
I am fond of wine.
At your wedding shall attend
All of the *elite*—
If you wish to change your state,
I am at your feet.

SHE.

To your pretty offer, sir,
I do not object;
As for love, why that, of course,
You will not expect.
I must follow every new
Fashion that appears—
Have my own acquaintances,
And my cavaliers.

HE.

To your wishes, one and all,
Gladly I agree—
And an equal latitude
You will grant to me.
All my thoughts shall be for you—
That is, understand,
All that are not for my club
And my "four-in-hand."

BOTH.

Then, since we are both agreed,
Let us name the day
That shall see us duly joined
In the usual way.
Then we'll go as best we can
Down life's checkered course,
Till some lucky circumstance
Grants us a divorce. —*N. Y. Leader.*

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar18-cow-tf

☞ Fashionable invitations to dinner in Paris contain the bill of fare.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU.—Among the many advertised remedies none more fully and faithfully carry out all that is claimed for them than the above-named deservedly popular medicine. As a curative power for all diseases of the kidneys, female weakness, dyspepsia, and other complaints consequent upon irregular habits, there is said to be nothing to equal it, and as a proof of this, regular physicians in New York city and elsewhere are freely recommending it for diseases as above-mentioned, while at no time during the eighteen years it has been in existence, has its sale been as rapid as now. Like every good article, this as well has imitators; so parties buying should be sure to ask for and get none other but that known as Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu.—*Springfield Journal.*

☞ The remains of Daniel O'Connell were on the 14th reinterred at the cemetery at Glasnevin, near Dublin, where a splendid mausoleum had been constructed for their reception. The ceremonies were very imposing, and were conducted by Archbishop Cullen. Great crowds of people followed the remains to the tomb, and it is estimated that 8,000 were present on the grounds.

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-3m

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☞ In 756 libel suits now pending against American editors, the aggregate damages to character are estimated at $47,500,000.

SOMETHING new for bar-rooms. Send 20 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland. my1-4t

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☞ Victor Hugo is quarrelling with Lamartine's heirs. They want to sell his letters written to the poet, and he demands their return.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—To the sufferer from gravel, stone and other irregularities of the kidneys, these Pills give permanent and almost instantaneous relief.

☞ An Indiana husband advertises his runaway wife, saying that she "has left him just as the summer's work is beginning, notwithstanding he has had the expense of wintering her."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is very little demand. About 3000 bbls sold at $5@5,50 for superfine; $5,75@6,25 for extra; $6,25@7 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for fancy; $8,50@8,50 for Penna extra family; $7@9 for Ohio extra family, and $9,50@11,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. About 60,000 bus sold at $1,50@1,65 for red; $1,50 for choice No. 1 spring; $1,65@1,75 for Mediterranean and Southern amber; $1,75@1,77 for California, and $1,80@1,95 ₩ bus for white, according to quality. Rye—1000 bus of Western and Penna sold at $1,42@1,45 ₩ bus. Corn—80,000 bus sold at 87@90c for prime yellow, 86@88c for Western yellow, 85@87c for Western mixed, and 84@86c ₩ bus for white. Oats—70,000 bus sold at 82@82c for Western, and 65@80c ₩ bus for Penna and Southern, according to quality.

PROVISIONS—Market dull. Sales of 300 bbls Mess Pork at $21,75@22. Mess Beef sells at $22@23,50 for city packed. Bacon—Sales Fancy canvassed Hams at 18@20c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16@18½c, and Shoulders at 14@14½. Green Meats—800 tcs pickled Hams sold at 18½@17c; and salt Shoulders at 13. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 18@20c, and prime roll at 25@25c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 21½@22½c. Eggs sell at 20@21c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 800 bales of Middlings sold at 28½@28¾ for Uplands, and 29½c for New Orleans.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₩ 100 lbs $1,45@1,55; mixed do $1,35@1,40; inferior do $1,25@1,30 and Straw $2,00@2,05.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@15c, according to quality.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. Sales of 300 tons No 1 Anthracite at $40@41, and No 2 at $28@29. Scotch Pig sells at $42@42,50 ₩ ton, and Glendon at $27@Furnace. Manufactured Iron is quoted at $85 ₩ ton for Bars.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1870 head. The prices realized from 9½@10½ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 6½@9c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

CROP PROSPECTS.—We believe there was never before so large an area of our country in wheat at this season as now, and that sowed last fall is looking remarkably well. Unless some disastrous blight shall yet be experienced, we shall harvest more wheat in 1869 than in any former year. And on all this Atlantic slope a very large breadth has already been sown to spring grain, while much land is now in course of preparation for Indian corn. Our orchards are just bursting into bloom, and the promise of fruit, especially of peaches, is remarkably good.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Interesting to Ladies.

I have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in constant use for six years, and it is just as good to-day as the day I purchased it. I have used it for all kinds of sewing and embroidery, and I prefer it to any other sewing machine that I have tried. It will do a greater variety of work, and is so simple that a child can use it.—*Mrs. E. E. Turner, 608 Pine st., San Francisco.*

A RUMORED ALLIANCE.—An ocean telegram says that initial steps have been taken for an alliance, offensive and defensive, between England, France and Spain against the United States—the rejection of the Alabama treaty, the tone of Mr. Sumner's speech, the alleged filibustering tendencies of General Grant's administration, and the reported connivance at expeditions from the United States against Cuba, being made the pretexts for a necessity for such alliance. The report is doubted at Washington.

Without a Good Digestion

All other temporal blessings are comparatively worthless. The dyspeptic millionaire who has tried all the potions of the medical profession in vain, and believes his complaint to be incurable, would give half his fortune to be freed from the horrors of indigestion, and thus enabled to enjoy the other half. *Of course he would.*

Perhaps HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS has been recommended to such a sufferer. Possibly he has turned from the friend who made the suggestion with a sneer, intimating that he has *no faith* in any "patent medicine." If this has been the case, *so much the worse for him.* His incredulity dooms him to a life of misery. All the luxuries which wealth can purchase are at his command. Not one of them can give him pleasure. His own irrational obstinacy is his bane.

The *masses*, happily for themselves, are less skeptical. There is such a thing as *bigoted unbelief*, as well as *bigoted credulity*, and a golden mean between the two, which men and women who are gifted with common sense adopt and profit by. These are the class that patronize and recommend HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. Why do they approve this famous anti-dyspeptic and anti-bilious preparation? Simply because they have not been too much the slaves of senseless prejudice to give it a fair trial, and have found that when all other tonics, stimulants and stomachics failed, it produced the desired effect.

"Strike, but hear," said the Roman sage, when his ignorant enemies were assailing him. "Doubt, but try," says the man who has been cured of indigestion, or biliousness, or intermittent fever, by the Bitters, as he relates his experience of the medicine to his invalid friends. Whoever is so wedded to his own foregone theoretical conclusions, as to decline to test the properties of a medicine endorsed by the testimony of intelligent men in every walk of life, and approved by the people at large, *deserves to suffer.* my1-5t

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☞ The skulls of dead Confederate soldiers buried near Fort Harrison, Virginia, are burned by the negroes as a means of securing the gold fillings of the teeth. A white man "bosses" the ghoulish business.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sept26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
129 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ A despatch from Admiral Hoff, dated Havana, May 6, indicates that the Cuban insurrection is drawing to an end. This is said to be the opinion of our Consul at Havana, and also of the commander of the English fleet.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my8-3m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ The New York Express says that in the incomes of business men of that city—"those who advertise make the largest returns."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN A. SELSON to Miss ELIZABETH COPE, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. G. Gram, Mr. EDWARD SIMON to Miss ANNA CHAMBERS, both of this city.

On the 8th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG to Miss KATE VOGEL, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. ROBERT F. JONES to Miss AMELIA J. SCHLOSSBONS, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. SAMUEL A. KRAUSS, of this city, to Miss ELINORE S. WEIRBACH, of Centre Valley.

On the 24th of April, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. JAMES G. MORRIS to Miss ANNA MOSHER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, MARIA ELIZABETH, daughter of the Rev. W. T. EVE, aged 21 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. THOMAS BROWN, aged 65 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE MORAN, aged 89 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. AMY BUTLER, in her 87th year.

On the 9th instant, SARAH MCKENVEN, aged 68 years.

On the 9th instant, JAMES GALLAGHER, in his 70th year.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH KENNY, aged 56 years.

On the 8th instant, ROBERT HAMILTON, aged 45 years.

On the 7th instant, LOUISA W., wife of David Edwards, in her 48th year.

ALWAYS LOVE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Because Love's sigh is but a sigh,
  Doth it the less Love's heart disclose?
Because the rose must fade and die,
  Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shroud the day,
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill Autumn frights the birds,
  Shall we distrust that Spring will come?
Because sweet words are only words,
  Shall Love for evermore be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth
  Must sometime cease my heart to thrill,
Because the sweetest voice on earth
  Sooner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure,
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,
  And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn on lips and eyes,
  And pleasure's merry world go round:
Let golden sunshine flood the sky,
And let me love, or let me die!

Ancient Brotherhoods.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

THE KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

One of the greatest of the military guilds, which exercised immense influence over the civilized world for nearly two centuries, was that of the Knight Templars. The chivalrous bravery of its members, the romantic end they set themselves to accomplish—namely, the recovery of the tomb of Christ from the hands of the infidels—the immense possessions they acquired, and their tragic doom, have always excited the interest and pity of the world, and blinded it to their rapacity, cruelty, and pride. Hugh de Paynes and Geoffrey St. Omer, uniting to themselves six other knights, in the year 1118, formed the nucleus of the society, taking the vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity. A house, supposed to have been on the site of Solomon's Temple, was granted to them by Baldwin II., the King of Jerusalem; and here they agreed to live, in the greatest simplicity, for the protection of the pilgrims who travelled to the Holy Land. None but those of noble birth were admitted; and as at first they proved themselves courageous and self-denying, their supporters became very numerous, and that most eloquent of monks, Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, who roused Europe to a crusade, espoused their cause. By his help they received the sanction of the pope, and he assisted in drawing up a code of laws for their body. Never did they forget their duty as soldiers—to die rather than be conquered was their motto. They carried out the idea of fraternity with the most generous self-sacrifice, and ran the greatest risks to save a brother in danger. The initiation of the candidate was strictly secret; he was led into the conclave, and informed as to the rules of the order, when an oath was administered, and a white mantle, ornamented with a red cross, thrown over his shoulders. The same colors were adopted for their famous banner Beauseant, which became their battle-cry; many a fierce charge was made in its name, and the very sound caused Saladin and his warriors to tremble. At length, they were permitted by the pope to have a separate order of priests, which probably led to their ruin, on the charge of heresy. The frequent communication they held with Eastern nations, induced many to share in the secrets of those countries regarding magic and alchemy; and though it is impossible to believe in the ridiculous accusations made against them, we may at least gather that there was great laxity and free-thinking among them: enlightenment, which was then a dangerous enemy to the church, found a home there, with much religious indifference. Their great persecutor, Philip IV. of France, accomplished their destruction. The Grand-master and many others were burned alive in Paris, refusing the pardon which was offered if they would confess their crimes. The former ascended the scaffold, and said: "The decree which condemns us is an unjust one; we die innocent; but there is in Heaven an august tribunal where the oppressed never implore in vain: to that tribunal I cite thee, oh Roman pontiff; within forty days shalt thou be there. And thee, oh Philip, my master and my king, in vain do I pardon thee; thy life is condemned within the year: I await thee before God's throne." Such a citation was not uncommon in the middle ages. In this case, the pope and the king died within the time specified.

THE FREEMASONS.

But by far the greatest of the brotherhoods is that of the Freemasons; whether we look at its long existence, its widespread influence, or the grandeur of the principles it professes. Born and carried on in mystery, its secret is still supposed to be inviolate, though there are some of the uninitiated who profanely declare that they know it. It is impossible to say when it first sprang into existence; a curious old legend refers us back to the four children of Lamech who invented all the sciences; those of geometry and architecture being transmitted through Nimrod to Abraham, and from him, when he went down into Egypt, to a worthy scholar "that was hight Euclyde." It seems that the country was overpopulated, and the lords could no longer afford establishments for their sons, so they issued a proclamation for some man to teach them a gentlemanly livelihood. Euclid undertook the task; geometry was carried into practice, and architecture became the fashion; the brotherhood of masons was established, and when Solomon reigned, he was Grand-master over three thousand. These spread over other countries, and Edwin of England was the first to draw up their rules in a book, and form a society. Other attempts have been made to refer their origin to the followers of Pythagoras, the Essenes, or the Knights Templars; but the only reasonable supposition is, that they sprung from the Stein-metzen of the middle ages.

The passion for building churches and monasteries, especially fostered by the Benedictine and Cistercian monks, drew around them colonies of various handicrafts; these requiring discipline, formed themselves after the fashion of their superiors into lay brotherhoods, who were taught that by working lovingly together, the highest style of thought would be elicited, and the spirit of piety and concord might be reflected even in the heavy masses of stone with which they had to deal. Thus arose the symbolism of Gothic architecture, which was to be a hymn of praise to the Deity; with its lofty spire pointing up to heaven, grand in its object, and full of meaning in every detail. Strasbourg formed the headquarters of the society, its cathedral being considered their masterpiece, the foundation so strong that it has stood the storms of centuries, and the carving of the spire so light that it may be compared to a piece of lace. It became the custom for those kings who wished to decorate their capitals with these exquisite specimens of Gothic architecture, to send to Strasbourgh for the pupils of the masons to direct the work; thus the cathedrals of Cologne, Zurich, Fribourg, Vienna, and many others on the continent and in England, were built. The celebrated philosopher, Albertus Magnus, who resided at Cologne in 1249, was himself a mason, and drew up a symbolic code of rules for the practice of the art, in order to keep their secrets from the unlearned, and facilitate the work of those who understood the figures. The members of the Ban-hutten, or building-clubs, refused any communication with the ordinary mason, considering themselves very much his superiors. They had their special signs of recognition and secret ceremonies, each one being bound by oath to observe the guild laws; they divided themselves into masters, companions, and apprentices; took the square, the level, and the compasses for their sign; and endeavored to erect in themselves a spiritual temple, having for its end the attainment of the threefold gifts of light, truth, and virtue.

When the apprentice had served his time, and was anxious to be admitted into the fraternity, a proof was required as to his birth and capacity of body and mind; a sign was then given him, which he was to cut into every work of masonry in which he shared. An assembly of unarmed members was called together; the candidate was proposed, and a messenger sent to fetch him. In imitation of an old heathen custom, he was desired to assume the attitude of a suppliant; half his garments were taken away; and with his eyes bound, his breast and left foot bare, he stood at the door of the hall and gave three distinct knocks. A warden led him in to the master, who made him kneel and repeat a prayer; then he was taken three times round the hall, halting at last with his feet in a right angle and opposite the master. Between the two lay a New Testament open on the table, a pair of compasses, and a mason's square, over which he stretched out his right hand, and swore fidelity to his duties and secrets. The manner of knocking and the gripe of the hand were the same as those now used in freemasonry. A banquet always succeeded the initiation; the welcome cup was drunk with three times three; it was taken hold of with a glove, the cover lifted, and lastly carried to the lips, when it was emptied in three separate draughts, and replaced on the table with three different motions. They also learned the mystical numbers: 3, 5, 7, 9 being especially sacred; as were also the colors gold and azure, which bore a symbolic allusion to their art; and white, to their secret association. The interlaced cord on their portals has reference to these.

Our English king, Edward III., perceiving the advantages of these societies, encouraged them by his patronage; he engaged the master of "Giblim" to rebuild St. George's Chapel; and in the following reign, William of Wykeham, also in close connection with the masons, rebuilt Westminster Hall. It seems probable that, in course of time, the guilds began to consider their private code of laws higher than that of the realm, and became refractory subjects; for Henry VI. forbade all meetings of masons; nor were they revived until 1607, when the Earl of Pembroke, a nobleman of great taste, set out on a continental tour with Inigo Jones the architect. They returned to their native country inspired with the chefs-d'œuvre of Italian architecture, and longing to improve the style of their own country. With the consent of the king, the lodges were again regularly constituted, and he was elected patron: a change gradually came over the admissions, which were no longer confined to that particular handicraft; any person who desired it was made a member. A century after, the entire separation of the Freemasons from the operative guilds was fully carried out, and the brotherhood became symbolic only in its building; professing to be engaged on the temple of the heart, and the improvement of the world by its enlightenment. Its after-history, in detail, would be only tedious; but in tracing the brotherhood of the Illumines, that of the Freemasons will be seen to be intimately connected with it.

THE ILLUMINES.

The eighteenth century was a most fruitful one for all kinds of secret fraternities, including curious rites involving the idea of an important secret. They took amazingly with the Germans, and thousands of men joined the ranks. One, which was ushered into the world in the most serious manner by the young lawyers of Weishar, had no name; an excellent way, they said, of preventing any attacks of justice, and defying all their enemies. The various steps of initiation were equally anonymous, that is to say, they were represented by abstract designations. The first, at the foot of the ladder, was called *transition;* then, *transition from transition;* and thirdly, the *transition of transition towards transition.* Such were their puerile subtleties; which, had they not been attested by the impartial historians of the time, would be considered as ridiculous inventions. The suppression of the order of the Jesuits in 1773 largely increased the importance of these orders. Having lost the power of ruling in one way, they were impatient to seize it in another; and no longer able to meddle with temporal affairs under the mask of religion, they took up with freemasonry. In a very short time, those of the Bavarian Jesuits who were men of action and intrigue swarmed in all the lodges, and the whole of Southern Germany would have been transformed into a vast Jesuitical association, had not the men of the north uttered a cry of alarm to rouse the careless. Nicolai, a well-known author, and a man of scrupulous honesty, traversed Bavaria, Austria, and Wurtemberg, unmasking the enemy and exciting distrust. The weakening of Christian belief, and the dryness of that philosophy which prevailed all over the continent in the last century, had opened the way to every kind of superstition; the old brotherhoods of the middle ages, the Rosicrucians, the Templars, and many others, were revived; and such was the mania, that some members of the Protestant clergy were united to the Rosicrucians, and actually became Catholics before they had time to think of what they were doing.

In the midst of this confusion, it was reserved for an old disciple of the Jesuits, and their implacable enemy, to defeat their manœuvres. A young lawyer, Adam Weishaupt, of Ingolstadt, had been one of their pupils for many years; their tuition inspiring him with the most invincible repugnance; when, a few months after their suppression, he was appointed to a professor's chair in the university, which had been held for ninety years past by the order of Jesus. He was naturally the object of endless calumnies, but these private slanders could scarcely account for his conception of the society of *Illumines;* it was rather the sudden, widespread, and mysterious agitation produced in the secret societies of Germany by the Jesuits, and the fear which this agitation, increased by public rumor, inspired in a man who well knew their power. Though without experience, knowledge of the world, or powerful friends, Weishaupt determined to be an Ignatius Loyola of the philosophy and intelligence of the eighteenth century. An officer of the name of Ecker had just established a lodge of Freemasons in a neighboring town, where alchemy, magic mirrors, and the raising of spirits were working wonders. He came to Ingolstadt to recruit his ranks, seeking his adepts among the very men whom Weishaupt was trying to educate to his standard. Destined to oppose the influence of the Jesuits, was he to see them led away by the miserable and foolish practices which offered such scope to the intrigues of his enemies? He unveiled his plan, his secret, and his hopes to the most suitable of the students, and the society of the Illumines was founded, to become the terror of the old despotic governments. For about four years it spread no farther than the neighboring towns; but in 1780, the admission of a young Hanoverian gentleman, the Baron de Knigge, changed the scene of operations, and the continent was opened to the conquerors. Knigge was of a volatile spirit and full of enthusiasm; he assisted Weishaupt to remodel the whole organization of the society, established degrees of rank, instituted ceremonies, and determined for each their duties and rights. Its pretensions were, to raise the poor and humble, and cast down the haughty; to create a new world by morality and equality. Books written in the spirit of the Gospel, mixed up with the doctrines of Rousseau and the Stoics, where to be the chief agents of the revolution. The visionaries had the most ardent belief in the age, if practically and religiously taught; every member was to become the apostle of this faith. "Ite et docete" was the motto; and they were persuaded that in the second generation an army of disciples would be constituted under one high pontiff, who would possess the government of minds, as well as the direction of temporal matters. Knigge travelled from lodge to lodge, and soon almost all the Freemasons joined the Illumines; princes even, in their hatred of Jesuitism, inscribed their names on the rolls. The progress was immense; one recruit brought another, and in a very few years all the north of Germany, Scandinavia, and even Russia, were under the influence. One of the most useful converts was Bode, a celebrated writer and friend of Lessing; he became one of the leaders in the society, but pronounced it "a system which, if it fell into the hands of badly disposed men, would cause misery to the human race, but if governed by men of wisdom might do much good." It was, in fact, nothing but an introduction to Jacobinism; imposing virtue by means of a dictatorship—hidden, unknown, and irresponsible—which reached its fearful climax some years later in the hands of Robespierre and St. Just.

But this society was not destined to last. In 1784, it became the subject of a violent proscription in the name of the Elector of Bavaria. The Jesuits had circumvented it; some members had taken flight, and betrayed it; Weishaupt and Knigge had quarrelled on the subject of preeminence, and Bode withdrew. The following year, a general storm burst out; universal terror was inspired by the name Illumine, and persecution of its members was the result. Weishaupt fled, but found an asylum with one of the sect, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Gotha. Every crime was imputed to them by the narrow-minded conservatives: It was they who had laid the match to the powder, and brought on the French Revolution. When Gustavus III. fell under the pistol of Ankerstrom, the crime was attributed to 'the Illumines, who were the assassins of kings, the destroyers of empires.' Their aim, it was stated, was to govern the world, appropriate the sovereign authority, usurping the place of a king, whilst leaving him the barren honor of wearing a crown; they had adopted the blind obedience of the Jesuits with the principles of the regicides of the seventeenth century; the proofs and exterior ceremonies of freemasonry; the raising of spirits, and incredible audacity of the Templars. Such was the state of feeling at the time. No doubt it was much exaggerated. Let us give the founders of such societies their due: They were generally men of great sincerity and earnestness of purpose, longing to regenerate the world, and create an earthly paradise founded on a mixture of Christian submission and philosophy. As such, they reveal a curious aspect of European society in the eighteenth century.

THE SANCTUARY.

Not in the proud cathedral,
  Where splendid thousands throng;
Not in the faint and formal plaint,
  The loud thanksgiving song;
Not in the studied homily,
  The doctrine vague and dim,
There comes that softening grace to me
  That lifts my heart to Him.

I kneel in supplication,
  But the truant thoughts will stray;
The lips repeat the words, as meet,
  But the heart is far away.
There comes no holy, blessed gush,
  No tender yearning there,
Till the head bends low, and the warm tears rush,
  And the spirit melts in prayer.

But alone, alone with nature—
  On the everlasting hill,
That proudly arose at the world's birth-throes,
  And stands unaltered still.
Down shady lanes where the wild-flowers grow,
  In forest depths untrod,
In still small accents faint and low,
  I hear the voice of God.

☞ Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but it rests only in the bosoms of fools.

FAREWELL.

I stand by the gate where the dead leaves are lying,
  I look at your window, and watch for your face;
While over the holt* comes the wind softly sighing
  For summer's lost glories that deck'd the old place.
The roses that linger far into November
  Are drooping their heads as they wither and die;
Go, pluck one wan blossom, and bid me remember
  The joys that are o'er—Cara mia, good-by!

I know you would come. I was patient to linger;
  The sere leaves are brushed by the flow of your dress;
The gem of betrothal shines bright on your finger—
  That little white hand that I loved to caress.
I clasp it once more, ne'er to touch it again, love,
  Or see the dear face looking earnest or shy:
One kiss—if he knew it, he could not complain, love;
  I take it, and say—Cara mia, good-by!

* Wooded hill.

Planchette Retires.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUNT ALICE.

My brief career is over, and now I will take my last race over my old carpet, a blank sheet of paper, scribble a few "last words," as all great celebrities do, and then throw myself over on my broad back, turn up my stubby legs in the air, like a dead beetle, and give up the—witch.

Many a belle of a season will sympathise with me, and own it is hard to retire and give place to a rival, particularly to such an ill conditioned, long-shanked, wabbling, uneasy thing as I must yield to, the two-wheeled velocipede!

One short year ago I was the pet of society, caressed by young and old; but, alas! success made me saucy, and I told some unpalatable truths. When not in use I was carefully placed in a neat little box, and carried up to my lady's chamber, where I was supposed to sleep until called for. But I was slyly peeping out and listening to family secrets.

The girls called me a "little beauty," a "heart shaped darling," a "sweet heart." Belles asked me which beaux would propose. Young matrons consulted me, even misses in their teens asked sly questions, and blushed at my answers.

Every evening I was brought into the parlor for the amusement of company; if I told fibs I was believed and praised; but if I ventured on telling the truth I was called the D——l, or made to write myself so.

Now what a change! I am neglected, or given to the baby to bang around. My downfall is so sudden and complete that I am benumbed, my poor little wheels are already rusted, and I give in.

My old mistress who petted me so much one year ago, said the other day that I looked like a bed-bug! And her daughter said, "Yes, she believed I was the mother of all bed-bugs!" The lazy thing! she has been wasting her time of late trying to learn to ride on a velocipede, and has neglected her own bed-room, and so learned what bed-bugs were!

"Bed-bug" indeed! I never wrote so mean a name before, and never shall again; but to compare me, "the heart shaped darling," to such a monster. Oh, don't I hope they may bite her!

Johnny had me out on the side-walk yesterday, and I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Angelina's pet bear go flying past on his velocipede: and as he raised his hat to his lady love at the window, he lost his balance and away went his unsteady steed, and my gentleman lay sprawling in the gutter. How I longed for a piece of paper on which to scribble my delight. I did write "humbug" all over the dusty doorstep, but who noticed it?

Well, *other* wheels may be rusting before the year is over, and then what next?

The Marriage Broker of Paris.

A matrimonal office, established at Paris, issues circulars, from one of which the following is an extract:

"I have the conviction, monsieur, that you probably know of some one prevented from contracting a marriage in accordance with his taste or position, on account of pecuniary difficulties. I have the pleasure of informing you by this of the following parties, of whom I have the honor of being the agent:

"1st. A French prince, well-known in society by his simple and irreproachable manners; 34 years of age, and with a fortune of 800,000 to 1,000,000 francs.

"2d. A magistrate, 35 years, and fortune of 150,000 francs.

"3d. Several doctors from 25 to 35 years, and from 30 to 60,000 francs.

"4th. Several merchants from 25 to 45 years, and from 20 to 30,000 francs.

"5th. A few landed proprietors from 40 to 50 years, and 30 to 100,000 francs.

"There is in this establishment all that can be desired, blondes, brunettes, rich, large, small, fleshy and thin, to suit every taste. His numerous connections assure to his articles the highest superiority."

The founder of this industry has disappeared, but he has left many successors. The advertisements vary—one can choose from a thousand to five hundred thousand francs; from fifteen years of age to seventy. "A young lady having a fortune of 40,000 francs desires marriage with a person of an honorable profession and possessed of a high moral character. Address Avenue Montaigne." One day an unfortunate, overwhelmed with debts, presented himself to espouse one of the pretended fortunes of three thousand francs per year. After receiving explanations, the broker demanded, according to his custom, two hundred francs for expenses. He shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Do you suppose I would marry if I had two hundred francs?"

Spendthrifts who have squandered their fortunes, and need a dowry to replace them, can read in the papers an advertisement of a handsome, modest and amiable young lady, with an income of 50,000 francs a year. They hasten to write, and two days after receive a response, and with a hand trembling with emotion they open this Cupid's missive, which says that such business cannot be done by correspondence, and begs them to call at his "bureau," assuring them that theirs being the first communication, they will have the preference. They imagine the fortune already theirs. The "bureau" is generally situated in a very fine house. A valet in livery introduces you into a magnificent saloon, ornamented with exquisite taste, from whose open doors you perceive a succession of rich apartments. Here Cupid reigns supreme. All the paintings, statuettes and books are devoted to this god. Two pretty children (hired without doubt) are playing in the room. After being kept waiting a short time, the broker appears, and excuses himself, upon the plea of business, for making you wait; after which he rings, and with an insinuating smile, begs to offer you a glass of wine.

When the same valet appears he expresses his astonishment at seeing him perform this service, and demands, with an angry air, where is Pierre, Antoine, Francois. He answers without hesitation—one has gone to the bank, another to the opera to engage a "loge" for madame, and the third for the affair of the count. This deception is intended to make an impression. The valet is the only servant of the establishment, and is even the father of the children in the saloon. This is only the prologue—now the comedy commences.

Monsieur, I have had the honor of addressing you in answer to the advertisement. When can I be presented to this lady? You are without profession? Yes—she is honorable then? Your antecedents? You shall be informed of them. The conversation continues thus, in order that the broker may form an idea of the degree of intelligence of his victim, and what precautions to take to prevent compromising himself. I shall expect only five per cent. upon the dowry. Very well. Payable when you receive it. Admirable. But before going farther the broker demands the fees of the "bureau," for expenses incurred in making inquiries, &c., which vary according to the credulity of the visitor and the amount of the dowry. He asks four hundred francs, adding that with a hundred more you will have the right of choosing for six months from all the ladies of my establishment. Such a tempting offer could not be resisted—so the applicant gives the five hundred francs—500 francs. In exchange for his money he receives a receipt upon stamped paper—with the terms of the agreement—for which he must pay ten francs extra—510 francs.

He waits with impatience the moment of the first interview. At last the broker presents him. The lady is escorted by her aunt. They are mutually pleased, and after a short interchange of compliments they leave the room. He wishes to escort them to their carriage; this the broker prevents, as they belong to the establishment, being hired for five francs per day, and the elegant dresses and articles of the toilet necessary for their transformation (for they are blondes or brunettes, according to the taste of the dupe), are furnished by the broker. He insinuates softly that it is a good idea to invite them to a breakfast at his house, for at the table they can converse freely, and after that you will be invited to visit them. For this breakfast of four persons he asks sixty francs, which is nothing, as he has the wines of which he makes no account with friends—five hundred and seventy francs. At breakfast the table is supplied with large joints of cold meats and a splendid turkey, of which the ladies refuse to partake when they are offered the slightest morsel, and for two reasons—first, that a wife who eats little is an advantage; and secondly, that this same repast will serve for other victims. Upon some pretext the ladies leave the table, as they recollect an engagement at their banker's, &c. The broker softly informs him that he must send to his native place to make inquiries about him, and requests him to call the next day and arrange this matter, which he accordingly does, and there meets *accidentally* the lady and her aunt.

The clerk is called who is to make the necessary inquiries. The applicant must pay the expenses of the journey, which will amount to one hundred and forty francs. He hesitates. The aunt very naturally declares that she will pay one-half, and to set the example draws out an elegant silk purse which she says is the work of her niece—he admires it—she offers it to him—he accepts, and as it is necessary to strike while the iron is hot, the clerk leaves immediately—seven hundred and ten francs. During the clerk's absence he visits the agency, but does not meet the ladies. The broker reminds him of the gift of the purse, and wishing to make a return, he gives a brilliant of two hundred and fifty francs—nine hundred and sixty francs. The clerk, (who has not left Paris) has been taken suddenly ill on his journey, which lasts four days, and costs eighty francs—ten hundred and forty francs. Finally the applicant becomes impatient, but the broker informs him, with an air of the deepest grief, that he must consider himself very fortunate—that his vigilance has saved him from the great misfortune which menaced him—that he has just learned that the father of the young girl is condemned to the galleys for life—that she is unworthy of him. He leaves, congratulating himself upon his escape. The trick is played, leaving room for another.—*Com. Bulletin.*

The Uses of Walking.

Walking, for young and active people, is by far the best exercise; riding is good for the elderly, middle aged, and invalids. The abuse of these exercises consists in taking them when the system is exhausted more or less by previous fasting or by mental labors. Some persons injudiciously attempt a long walk before breakfast, under the belief that it is conducive to health. Others will get up early to work three hours at some abstruse mental toil. The effect in both instances is the same; it subtracts from the power of exertion in the after part of the day. A short saunter or some light reading before this meal is the best indulgence of the kind; otherwise the waste occasioned by labor must be supplied by nourishment, and the breakfast will necessarily become a heavy meal, and the whole morning's comfort sacrificed by a weight at the chest, from imperfect digestion of food. These observations apply especially to elderly persons, who are prone to flatter themselves into the persuasion that they can use their mental or bodily powers in age as in youth.

☞ "At what rate that girl's tongue is going!" said a lady, looking complacently at her daughter, who was discussing some subject of apparent interest with a handsome young clergyman. "Yes," replied a satirical neighbor, "her tongue is going at the curate."

THE SINGLE LADY.

BY NICHOLAS MICHAEL.

In singleness I walk the vale of life,
Gathering some sweet-lipped flowers upon my way;
Though love at times may wake its tender strife,
Heart, once a tyrant, must resign its sway.

What though for me no husband smiles at morn,
Showing the path my dutcous feet should tread,
My lot is freedom, on whose wings I'm borne,
Unchecked and happy as the lark o'er head.

What though no children nestle on my breast,
Or sport around me 'mong the garden flowers,
Making, by Nature's law, the heart most blest,
And sandalling with gold the tripping hours;

Methinks I may escape full many a tear;
Those we love best and cherish oftenest die.
Sad, too, to leave on earth the prized and dear;
Then for a mother's joys I will not sigh.

Fancies, sweet fancies shall my children be,
And birds, and flowers, and all bright things around;
No discord reigns in Nature's family;
Pleasure in each fair scene and soothing sound.

But think not, though I journey on alone,
Unmated in the crowded human mart,
That my calm'd breast has frozen into stone,
Or that no fire lies dormant in my heart.

Yes there is that within me which might love
With strong, enthralling passion; resting snow
Hides the volcano's peak all cool above,
The lava, close concealed, lies hot below.

If I have loved, or vainly love this hour,
It matters not—the dream will soon be o'er;
Man can pray, urge; poor woman hath no power,
Hiding her sorrow in her bosom's core.

Such is the law for womankind; we gaze,
We sigh, we love, then feign to feel no smart:
The loved love not; and so we pass our days,
And cannot to some other yield our heart.

Yes, other eyes may smile, but nought to me
The smile I do not prize; flow on, ye years!
Untroubled singleness my lot will be,
I heal my wound, I dash away my tears.

I need no pity—that my soul would scorn;
Strong, independent, I can walk alone,—
Sorrows, if sorrows come, in patience borne,
Pleasures, with cares unmingled, all my own,

Call not my life a cold and barren waste,
Which nought but weeds of selfishness can bear;
Nay, with the flowers of feeling it is graced,
And love for human kind flows rill-like there.

Books, Nature, Art, unfold for me their store,
Music and song to time give silver wings,
Bee-like, life's varied sweets I wander o'er,
And in my breast content forever springs.

Then lone, unmated, let me onward go,
A faint-rayed star that singly still must shine,
A humble flower that by itself must blow;
Some sweets I miss, but countless joys are mine.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CROWD IN THE EARLY MORNING.

When Richard and Isaac Thornycroft left the dining-room, so unobtrusively as not to draw attention to the fact, they passed through the small door at the further end of the hall. Isaac, the last, silently locked it, thereby cutting off all communication with the busy part of the house. Swiftly ascending to Richard's chamber, they changed their clothes for others which were laid out in readiness. Hyde, his clothes also changed, was in waiting at the foot of the stairs when they came down, and he crossed with Isaac to the coach-house opposite—built, as must be remembered, on a portion of the old ruins. Richard undid the door in the wall looking to the front, and stayed there until joined by the breathless Tomlett—as above seen.

The dog-cart was in its place in the coach-house; the broken old cart and the bundles of straw were in the corner; all just as usual. Tomlett and Hyde removed the cart and the straw from their resting place (whence, by all appearance, they never were removed,) and the brothers Thornycroft lifted a trap-door, invisible to the casual observer, that the straw had served to conceal. A flight of steps stood disclosed to view, which Isaac and Richard descended. The steps led to a subterranean passage; a long, long passage running straight under the plateau and terminating in a vault or cavern, its damp sides glistening as the light of the lantern flashed upon it. Traversing this passage to the end, Isaac put the lantern down: then they unwound a chain from its pulley, and a square portion of the rock, loose from the rest, was *pulled in* and turned aside by means of a pivot: thus affording an ingress for goods, smuggled or otherwise, to come in. No wonder Robert Hunter had thought the rock sounded hollow just there!

Ah, Mr. Kyne had scented the fox pretty keenly. But not the huntsmen who rode him to earth.

It took longer to do all this than it has to relate it. When Richard had helped Isaac to remove the rock, he returned along the passage on his way to the plateau. It was customary for one of the two brothers to stand on the plateau on the watch during these dangerous feats, with his descending signal of warning in case of alarm. Richard took that post to-night. Oh, that it had been Isaac! But it was marvellous how lucky they had hitherto been. Years had gone on, and years, and never a check had come. One great reason for this was, that the late supervisor, Mr. Dangerfield—let us only whisper it!—had allowed himself to be bribed. What with that, and what with the horror the preventive men had of the plateau, the daring and profitable game had been carried on with impunity. Richard Thornycroft went on his way, little knowing the awful phantom that was pursuing him.

Midway in the passage he met Hyde and Tomlett, tried and true men, on their way to join Isaac. Mr. Tomlett's accident had occurred during one of these night exploits—hence his wife's terrified consternation at being questioned by Miss Thornycroft. A strange chance had led, some years ago, to Mrs. Tomlett's discovery of what her husband was engaged in at intervals: the woman kept the secret, but never was free from fear.

Isaac Thornycroft, left alone, proceeded with his necessary movements. By help of a long pole, thrust through the hole, he held forth a blazing flambeau, which for two minutes would light up the half-moon beach and the rocks behind it. It was the signal for the boats to put off from that especial vessel that was the object of the worthy supervisor's abhorrence. And so the night's secret work was fairly inaugurated. Isaac Thornycroft held his signal for the approach of the boats, laden with their heavy spoil; Richard was speeding back to assume his watch overhead; and it was just about this time that Mr. Hunter had taken his departure from the Red Court Farm.

It is quite useless to speculate, now, *why* Robert Hunter went on the plateau. Some power must have impelled him. These things, bearing great events in their train, do not occur by chance. Had he been questioned why, he probably could not have told. The most likely conjecture is, speaking according to human reason, that he intended to stand a few moments on its brow, and sniff the fresh breeze from the sea, so grateful to his heated senses. He had taken more wine than usual; certainly not to anything like intoxication, for he was by habit and principle a sober man. He had dined more freely; the hot room, the talking, all had contributed to heat him; and, following on it, came the interview with Lady Ellis. Whatever the cause, certain it is that, instead of pursuing the straight course of his road, like a sensible man, he turned off it and went on the plateau.

It was a remarkably light night—as already said—clear, still, frosty, very bright. The clouds, passing occasionally over the face of the clear sky, seemed to be moved by an upper current that did not stir the air below. The sea was like silver; no craft to be seen on it save one vessel that was hove-to close in-shore—a dark vessel, lying still and silent. Robert Hunter, at the very edge of the plateau, stood looking on all this: a peaceful scene; the broad expanse of sea stretching out, the half-moon beach lying cold and solitary below.

Suddenly a bright sheet of light shot out from underneath, illumining the half-moon, the rocks, and his own face, as he bent over to look. Was he dreaming?—was his brain treacherous, causing him to see things that were not? There, half-way down the rocks, shone a great flame, a flickering, flaring, blazing flame, as of a torch; and Robert Hunter rubbed his eyes, and slapped his chest, and pinched his arms, to make sure he was *not* in a dream of wine.

He stood staring at it, his eyes and mouth open; stared at it until, by some mysterious process, it stealthily lowered itself, and disappeared inside the rocks. Light—not of the torch—flashed upon him.

"The smugglers!" he burst forth: and the clear night air carried the words over the sea. "The smugglers are abroad to-night! That must be their signal for the booty to approach. Then there *is* an opening in the rocks! I'll hasten and give word to Kyne."

Flying back straight towards the Red Court, he had leaped the railings when he encountered Richard Thornycroft, who seemed to be flying along with equal speed towards the plateau. Hunter seized his arm.

"Richard Thornycroft! Mr. Richard! the smugglers are at work! I have dropped upon them. Their signal has been hoisted beyond the rocks underneath."

"What?" roared Richard.

"It is true as that we are breathing here," continued Hunter. "I went on the plateau, and I saw their light—a flaming torch as big as your head. They are preparing to run the goods. It struck me there must be an opening there. I am going to fetch Kyne. Mr. Thornycroft, if he will come out, may be convinced now."

He would have resumed his way with the last words, but Richard caught him. The slight form of Robert Hunter was whirled round in his powerful grasp.

"Do you see this?" he hoarsely raved, his face wearing an awfully livid expression, born of anger, in the starlight. "It is well loaded."

Robert Hunter did see it. It was the bright end of a pistol barrel, pointed close to his head. He recoiled, as far as he could, but the grasp was tight upon him.

"What, in Heaven's name, do you mean?"

"*You* talk of Heaven, you treacherous cur!" panted Richard. "Down upon your knees—down, I say! You shall talk of it to some purpose."

By his superior strength, he forced the younger and slighter man to his knees on the waste ground as he would a child. The fur coat fell from Robert Hunter's arm, and lay beside him, a white heap streaked with black, in the starlight.

"Now, then! Swear, by all your hopes of Heaven, that what you have detected shall never pass your lips; shall be as if you had not seen it."

"I swear," answered Robert Hunter. "I believe I guess how it is. I will be silent; I swear it."

"Now and hereafter?"

"Now and hereafter."

"Get up, then, and go your way. But, another word, first of all," interrupted Richard, as if a thought struck him. "This must be kept secret from my sister."

"I swear that it shall be, for me."

Holding Robert Hunter still in his fierce grasp, he dictated to him yet another oath, as if not satisfied with the last one. In cooler moments neither of them might have acted as they were doing: Richard had been less imperative, the other less blindly yielding. Robert Hunter was no coward, but circumstances and Richard's fury momentarily over-mastered him.

He swore a solemn oath—Richard dictating it—not to hold further communication with Mary Anne at present, either by word or letter; not to do it until Richard should of his own will voluntarily give permission for it. He swore again not to put foot within the Red Court Farm; he swore not to write to any one of its inmates, failing this permission. The determination not to be pestered with letters perhaps caused Richard to insist on this. Any way, the oaths were taken, and were to hold force for six months.

"Now, then, go your way," said Richard. "Your path for departure lies *there*," and he pointed to the open highway leading from the entrance gates of the Red Court. "But first hear *me* swear an oath that I shall surely keep: If you do not go straight away; if you linger on this spot unnecessarily by so much as a few minutes; if you, having once started, return to it again, I will put this bullet through your body. Cyril! See him off; he was turning traitor."

Cyril Thornycroft had come strolling towards them, somewhat at a distance yet; he did not catch the sense of his brother's concluding words, but he saw that some explosion of anger had occurred. Picking up the coat, Hunter put it on as he walked to join Cyril; while Richard, as if under the pressure of some urgent errand, flew off across the lawn and flower-beds towards the coach-house ruins and the secret passage leading from it.

"What is all this? What does Richard mean?" inquired Cyril, as they commenced their walk along the high road. "He said something about a traitor."

"I was not a traitor; your brother lies. Would I turn traitor to a house whose hospitality I have been accepting? I saw accidentally a light exhibited from the Half-moon rocks, and I guessed what it meant. I guess more now than I will repeat—but the secret shall be safe with me."

"Safe now, and after your departure?"

"Safe always. I have sworn it."

"I am sorry this should have happened," said Cyril, after a pause.

"And so am I," returned Robert Hunter. "Circumstances, not my own will, led to it. It is a pity I missed the omnibus."

"Yes," said Cyril, speaking abstractedly, as if his thoughts were far away. "But if you step out well you may be at Jutpoint by half-past ten."

"Scarcely so," thought Robert Hunter. Cyril, perhaps, did not know the hour now.

"What! Have you missed the omnibus, sir?"

The question came from a woman who met them, Captain Copp's servant Sarah. She was coming along without her bonnet in the frosty night.

"Yes I have; and must walk it for my pains," answered Mr. Hunter.

"Are you going to the Red Court, Sarah?" asked Cyril.

"I am, sir; I'm going there to fetch Miss Chester," returned Sarah in her hardest tone. "And a fine tantrum master's in over it, roaring out that I ought to have come a good hour ago. Why didn't they tell me, then?"

Saying good-night to the woman, who wished Mr. Hunter a pleasant journey, they continued their way, striking into the village; a silent village to-night. In the windows of the Mermaid above, lights were no doubt gleaming, but they were not near enough to that hospitable hostelry to see. Everybody else seemed abed and asleep, as was generally the case at Coastdown by nine o'clock on a Sunday night.

Cyril had fallen into thought. Should he offer Hunter any apology or excuse for these practices of his house, so inopportunely discovered, and which had always been so distasteful to him? Better not, perhaps. What excusing plea could he justly offer? And besides, he knew not how far the discovery went, or what Richard had said. A feeling of resentment against Robert Hunter rose up in his heart, in his anxiety to ward off ill from his fathers and brothers, in his jealous care for the fair fame of the Red Court Farm. Good though he was, striving ever to follow in his Master's footsteps of love and peace, Cyril Thornycroft was but human, with a human heart disposed by its original nature to passion and sin.

"Let me advise you, at any rate for the present, not to hold communication with our house or its inmates," he said, gently breaking the silence. "In this I include my sister."

"I have promised all that. Your brother was not satisfied with exacting a simple promise; he made me swear it. I was to have written to Mary Anne on my arrival in town. Will you explain to her the reason why I do not?"

"I thought you and my sister did not correspond," interrupted Cyril.

"Neither do we. It was only to notify my safe arrival."

"I will explain sufficient to satisfy her. I suppose I must not ask you to give her up?"

"My intention is to win her if I can," avowed Robert Hunter. "She would share my fortunes to-morrow, but for the fear that my position would not be acceptable to Mr. Thornycroft."

"I see; it is decided. Well, in your own interest, I would advise you to break off all present relations with our house. What has occurred to-night will not tend to increase Richard's favor to you, and his opinion very greatly sways my father. Your visit here, taking it on the whole, has not been pleasant, or productive of pleasant results. Give us time to forget it and you *for the present*. Give Richard time to forget the name and sojourn of Robert Hunter."

"You say you suggest this in my own interest?"

"I do indeed," answered Cyril, his good, calm face turning on the speaker with a kindly light. "In yours and my sister's jointly. She will be true to you I make no doubt; and things may come about after a short while. If you have decided to take each other, if your best affections are involved, why should I seek to part you? But I know what Richard is; you must give him time to get over this."

"True," answered Robert Hunter, his heart responding to the evident kindness. "At any rate, there can be no question of my holding communication with the Red Court Farm for six months, even by letter. It was a rash oath, no doubt; I was not quite myself when I took it; but I have undertaken not to write to any one of you until Richard shall give me leave. At the end of the six months I suppose I shall hear from him; if not, I shall consider myself at liberty to write—or to come."

"You will surely hear from him if he has implied that you shall. Richard never breaks a promise. And now that I have seen you thus far on your way, I'll wish you well, and turn back again."

They had reached the end of the village, and he grasped Robert Hunter's hand with a warm and friendly pressure. The other was loth to part with him so soon.

"You may as well go with me as far as the Wherry."

Robert Hunter spoke not of a boat or of any landing for one, but of a lone and dismantled public house, standing about a couple of hundred yards farther. Its sign swung on it still, and rattled in the wind. Cyril acquiesced, and they went down into the bit of lonely road leading to it.

We must go back for a moment to Richard Thornycroft. He gained the ruins, and lifted the trap-door with, as it seemed, almost superhuman strength, for it took of right two to do it. Completely upset by what had occurred, Richard was like a man half mad. He went thundering down the steps to the subterranean passage, his errand being to give warning to Isaac, and assist in hoisting *two* lights, which those on board the vessel would understand as the signal *not* to advance. He had reached the cavern at the end, when his alarm began to subside, to give place to reason; and his steps came to a sudden stand-still.

"Why stop the boats?" he demanded of himself. "If Hunter has cleared himself off—of which there can be no doubt—where is the danger?"

Where, indeed? He thought—Richard Thornycroft did think—that Hunter was not one to play false after undertaking to be true. So, after a little more deliberation, somewhat further of counsel with himself, he resolved to let things go on, and turned back again without warning Isaac.

* * * * * * * *

What mattered it that the contraband cargo was safely run? What recked the guilty parties concerned in it of the miserable deed of evil it involved, while the valuable and double valuable booty got stowed away in silence and safety? One was lying outside the Half-moon, while they housed it, with his battered face turned up to the sky—one whose departed soul had been worth all the cargoes in the world. The body was bruised, and crushed, and *murdered*—the body of Robert Hunter!

How did it come there?

* * * * * * * *

Coastdown woke lazily up from its slumbers with the dawn—not very early in January—and only got roused into life and activity by the startling piece of news that a shocking murder had been committed in the night. Hastening down to its alleged scene, the Half-moon beach, as many as heard it, shopkeepers, fishermen, and inhabitants generally, they found it to be too true. The poor man lay in the extreme corner of the strip of beach, right against the rocks, and was recognized for the late guest at the Red Court Farm, Robert Hunter.

Not by his face; for that was disfigured beyond possibility of recognition; but by the clothes, hair, and appearance generally. He had been shot in the face, and, in falling from the heights above, the jagged edges of the rocks had also disfigured that poor face until not a trace of its humanity remained.

The tide was low; at present the passage to the beach was passable, and strugglers were flocking up. The frosty air was crisp, the sea sparkled in the early morning sun. Amidst others came Justice Thornycroft, upright, portly, a smile on his handsome face. He did not believe the report; as was evident by his greeting words.

"What's all this hullabaloo about a murder?" began he, as he shelved round the narrow ledge and put his foot upon the beach. "How d'ye do, Kyne?—How d'ye do, Copp?—How d'ye do, all? When Martha brought up my shaving-water just now, she burst into my room, her hair and mouth all awry with a story of a man having been murdered in the night at the Half-moon. Some poor drowned fellow, I suppose, cast on the banks by the tide. What brings him so high up?"

"I wish it was drowning, and nothing worse, for that's not such an uncivilized death, if it's your fate to meet it," returned Captain Copp, who was brisk this morning after his headache, and had stumped down on the first alarm. "It's a horrible land murder; nothing less; and upon a friend of yours, justice."

"A friend of mine!" was the somewhat incredulous remark of Mr. Thornycroft. "Why, good Heaven!" he added, in an accent of horror, as the crowd parted and he caught sight of the body, "it is my late guest, Robert Hunter!"

"It is indeed," murmured the crowd; and the justice stood gazing at it with horror as he took in the different points of recognition. The face was gone—that is the best term for one so utterly unrecognizable—but the appearance and dress were not to be mistaken.

"He's buttoned close up in his fur coat, sir," one of the crowd remarked.

Just so. He was buttoned up in his remarkable fur coat—as the village wrongly called it, for the coat was of white cloth, as we know, and its facings only of fur. It had stains on it, now, neither white nor black, and one of its sleeves was torn, no doubt by the rocks. The hat was nowhere to be found; it never was found; but the natural supposition was, that in the fall it had rolled down to the lower beach, and been carried away by the tide.

Mr. Thornycroft stooped, and touched one of the cold hands, stooped to hide the tears which filled his eyes, very unusual visitors to the eyes of the justice.

"Poor, poor fellow! how could it have happened? How could he have come here?"

"He must have been shot on the heights, and the shot hurled him over, there's no doubt of that," said Captain Copp. "Must have been standing at the edge of the plateau."

"But what should bring him on the plateau at night?" cried Tomlett, who made one of the spectators.

"What indeed!" returned the captain. "*I* don't know. A bare, bleak place even in daylight, with as good as no expanse of seaview."

"I cannot understand this," said Justice Thornycroft, lifting his face with a puzzled expression on it. "Young Hunter took leave of us last night, and left for London. He missed the omnibus to Jutpoint and set off to walk. One of my sons saw him part of the way. What brought him back on the plateau?"

"Yes, he contrived to lose the omnibus," interrupted Supervisor Kyne; who, however, what with the wine and the brandy he had consumed, had a very confused and imperfect recollection of the events of the previous evening, but did not choose to let people know that, and chose to put in his testimony. "Mr. Hunter shook hands with me in the dining-room at the Red Court, and I wished him a pleasant journey. That must have been—what time, Mr. Justice?"

"Getting on for nine. And one of my boys saw him go."

"It's odd what could have spirited him back again," exclaimed Captain Copp. "Which of them steered him off?"

"I forget which," returned the justice. "I heard Isaac say that one of them did. To tell you the truth, captain, I sat late in the dining-room last night, and my head's none of the clearest this morning. How do you find yours, Kyne?"

"Oh, mine's all right, sir," answered the supervisor hastily. "A man in office is obliged to be cautious in what he takes."

"Ah, there's no coming over you," cried the justice, with a side wink to Captain Copp.

"There's Mr. Isaac himself, a coming round the point now," exclaimed one of the fishermen.

The crowd turned and saw him. Isaac Thornycroft was approaching with a rapid step.

"They say Hunter is murdered!" he called out. "It cannot be."

"He is lying here, stiff and cold, Isaac, with a bullet in his head, was the sad reply of the justice. "Shot down from the heights above."

Isaac stooped in silence. His fair complexion and fine color heightened by the morning air, were something bright to look upon. But, as he gazed at that sadly disfigured form, yesterday so animate with life and health, a paleness as of the grave overspread his face; a shudder, which shook him from head to foot, passed through his frame.

"What brought him here—or on the plateau?" he asked. Almost the same words his father had used.

"What indeed!" repeated Mr. Thornycroft. "Did you tell me you saw him off, Isaac? Or was it Richard?"

"It was Cyril. I did not see him at all after he wished us good-bye on leaving the dining-room. But Richard, when he joined me later in the evenings, said he had been—had been," repeated Isaac, having rather hesitated at those words, "saying a parting word to Hunter, and that Cyril was walking part of the way with him."

Throwing a pocket handkerchief lightly over the disfigured face, Isaac Thornycroft turned from it towards the sea. The justice spoke.

"I wonder where Cyril left him?"

To wonder it was only natural, but Mr. Thornycroft's remembrances of the matter, as to what he had heard, were altogether hazy. Shut up so long in the dining-room with his guests—for they had not parted until past midnight—doing his part as host at the pipes and grog, though not very extensively, for it was rare indeed that Mr. Thornycroft took too much, he was in a tired, sleepy state when Isaac had come to him after their departure to say that the work was done, the cargo safely in. Isaac had added that he understood from Richard there had been some trouble with Hunter, who had seen the torch-light exhibited on the Half-moon beach, and Richard had been obliged to swear him to secrecy, and had sent Cyril to see him safe away. Of all this, the justice retained an indistinct remembrance.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I recollect now; it was Cyril that you said, Isaac. We must go and find Cyril, and ascertain where he parted with Hunter."

"Why!" suddenly exclaimed a young fisherman of the name of East, "I saw them both together last night; the gentleman and Mr. Cyril. I'd been down at my old mother's and was coming out to go home, when they passed, a walking in the middle of the road. I'd never have noticed 'em, maybe, but for the fur coat, for they'd got some way ahead. I see them stop and stand together like, and shake hands as if they was about to part; and then they went on again."

"Both of them went on again?" questioned Isaac.

"Yes, sir, both. They went on into the hollow, and I came away."

This young man's mother lived in a solitary hut at the end of the village: in fact, just where Cyril had proposed to leave Hunter, and East must have come out at the same moment.

"We'll go at once and see what Cyril says," resumed the justice, moving away. "Hunter must have come back with him."

"What is to be done with Mr. Hunter, sir?" questioned Tomlett, who had some sort of authority in the place. It did seem like a mockery to call that poor mass of death lying there "Mr. Hunter."

"He must be taken to the Mermaid," was the reply of Justice Thornycroft, as he left the beach with his son and three or four friends. "You had better come up and see Pettipher: he'll know what is right to be done. Don't be all the morning about it, Tomlett, or you will have the tide over the path."

Anything for more excitement in a moment like the present! Tomlett, following closely on the steps of Justice Thornycroft, went away with a fleet foot on his errand to the Mermaid, and the whole lot of hearers went racing after him: leaving Captain Copp, who could not race, and Mr. Supervisor Kyne to keep guard over the dead. Her Majesty's officer might have gone with the rest, but that he was in a brown study.

"There's more in this than meets the eye, captain," he began, rousing himself. "If this has not been the work of smugglers, my name's not John Kyne."

"Smugglers be shivered!" returned Captain Copp, who it was pretty well suspected in the village obtained his spirits and tobacco without any trouble to her majesty's revenue: as did others. "There are no smugglers here, Mr. Officer. And if there were, what should they want with murdering Robert Hunter?"

"I have been on the work and watch for weeks, captain, and I know there *is* smuggling carried on; and to a deuced pretty extent."

"We are rich enough to buy our own brandy and pay duty on it, Mr. Supervisor," wrathfully retorted the offended captain.

"Oh, pshaw! I am not looking after the paltry dabs of brandy they bring ashore," returned the customs' officer. "One may as well try to wash a blackamoor white as to stop that. I look after booty of more consequence. There are cargoes of dry goods run here; foreign lace at a guinea a yard."

"My eye!" ejaculated Captain Copp in amazement, who was willing enough to hear the suspicions, now he found they did not point to anything likely to affect his comfort. "Where do they run them to?"

"They run them here, as I believe; here on the Half-moon; and I suspect they must have a hiding-place somewhere in these rocks."

To describe the intense wonder depicted on the face of the ex-merchant captain

would be impossible. It ended in a laugh of incredulity, anything but flattering to his hearer.

"I could swear it," persisted the supervisor. "There! Only a few days ago, I was telling my suspicions to this poor fellow"—glancing over his shoulder—"and he offered to help me ferret out the matter. He came down with me here, examined the rocks, sounded them (he was an engineer, as perhaps you know,) and appointed a further hunt for the next day. I never saw a man more interested, or more eager to pounce on the offenders. But before the next day arrived I happened to meet him, and he said he must apologise for not keeping his promise, but he preferred not to interfere further. When I pressed him for his reason he only hemmed and ha-ed, and said that, being a stranger, the neighborhood might deem his doing so an impertinence. Which of course was sheer rubbish."

Captain Copp, rather slow at taking in ideas, began considering what his own opinion was. The supervisor went on, his tone impressive.

"Now, captain, it is my firm belief that this sudden change and Mr. Hunter's constrained manner, were caused by his having received some private hint from the smugglers themselves not to aid me in my search; and that it is nobody but they who have put it out of his power to do so."

"Whew!" whistled the staggered captain. "I could make more of a sinking ship than of what you say. Who are the smugglers? How did they find out he was going to interfere—unless he or you sent 'em word?"

"I don't know how they found it out. The affair is a mystery from beginning to end. Nobody was present at the conversation except Miss Thornycroft. And she cannot be suspected of holding communication with smugglers."

"This young fellow was a sweetheart of hers—eh?" cried the shrewd captain.

"I don't know anything about that. They seemed intimate. I could almost swear Old Nick has to do with this smuggling business," added the supervisor, earnestly. "A fortnight ago there was a dinner at the Red Court—you were there, by-the-way."

"A jolly spread the old justice gave us! Prime drink and cigars," chimed in the salt tar.

"Well—I was there: and one can't be in two places at once. That very evening they managed to run their cargo; ran it on, as I suspect, to this identical spot, sir," cried the disconcerted officer, warming with his grievance. "Vexed enough I was, and never once have I been off the watch since. Every night have I took up my station on that cursed damp plateau overhead, my stomach stretched on the ground, to keep myself dark, and just half an eye cocked out over the cliff—and all to no purpose. Last night, Sunday, I went in again to dine with the hospitable justice, and I'll be—I'll be shivered, sir, as you sometimes say, if they did not take advantage of it, and run another cargo!"

Never, since the memorable time of his encounter with the pirates which resulted in the disabling him for life, had Captain Copp been so struck—dumb, as it were. Nothing was left of him but amazement.

"Bless and save my wooden leg!" he exclaimed, when his tongue was found—"It is unbelievable. How do you know it?"

"I know it, and that's enough," replied Mr. Kyne, too much annoyed to stand upon politeness, or to explain that his boasted knowledge was assumed; not proved. "But, here's the devil of the thing," he continued—"how did the smugglers know I was off the watch those two particular nights? If it got wind the first night that I should be engaged at the Red Court—though I don't believe it did, for I can keep my own counsel, and did then—it could not have got wind the second. Five minutes before I went there last night, I had no notion whatever of going. Mr. Isaac looked into my rooms just before six, and *would* walk me off with him. I had had my chop at one o'clock, and was going to think about tea. Now how could the wretches have known last night that I was not on duty?"

"It's no good appealing to me, how," returned the captain. "I never was 'cute at breaking up marvels. Once, in the Pacific, there was a great big thing haunted the ship, bigger than the biggest sea-serpent, and—"

"Depend upon it we have traitors in the camp," unceremoniously interrupted the supervisor; for he knew by experience that when once Captain Copp was fairly launched upon that old marvel of the Pacific ocean, there was no stopping him. "Traitors round about us, at our very elbows and hearths, if we only knew in which direction to look for them."

"Well, I am not one," said the captain, "so you need not look after me. A pretty figure my wooden standard would cut, running smuggled goods! Why didn't you tell all this to Justice Thornycroft? He's the proper person. He's a magistrate."

"I know he is. But if I introduce a word about smugglers he throws cold water on it directly, and ridicules all I say. Once he quite rose up against me, all his bristles on end, in defence of the poor fishermen. Upon that, I hinted that I was not alluding to poor fishermen, but to people and transactions of far greater importance. It stirred up his anger beyond everything; he was barely civil, and turned away telling me to *find* the people and catch 'em, if I could find 'em; but not to apply to him."

"Well, that's reasonable," said Captain Copp. "Why *don't* you find 'em?"

"Because I *can't* find 'em," deplored the miserable officer. "There's the aggravation. I don't know in what quarter to look for them. The thing is like magic; it's altogether shrouded in mystery. I don't choose to speak of it publicly, or I might defeat the chance of discovery; the only time I did speak of it, was to Mr. Hunter, and got sympathy and aid offered and returned to me. You see what has come of that."

It was only too evident what *he* thought had come of it. And perhaps he was not far wrong. But for that recent morning's unlucky conversation between him and Robert Hunter, no dead man might have been lying on the Half-moon beach, with Isaac Thornycroft's handkerchief covering his face.

"Yes, that's the difficulty—where to look for them," resumed the mortified supervisor. "I cannot suspect any of the superior people in the neighborhood. It's true I do not know much of those Connaughts. But they don't seem like smugglers either."

"The Connaughts!" roared out the captain, taking up their cause as a personal offence. "Why don't you say it's me? Why don't you say it's yourself? The Connaughts! Who next, Mr. Supervisor? Why, old Connaught is bed-ridden half his time, and the son has got his eyes strained on books all day, learning to be a parson."

"That's true," grumbled the officer, in his miserable incertitude. "All I know is, I can't fathom the affair, worry over it as I will."

"Here comes the plank," interrupted the captain. "I shan't stop to see *that* moved; so good-morning to you, sir."

He stumped off, mortally offended; and met Tomlett and the landlord of the Mermaid inn, with the long queue of curious idlers behind them.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHOT DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS.

In the breakfast-room at the Red Court Farm, seated at its well-laid morning-table, was Richard Thornycroft. Seated at it only; not eating: his plate was unsupplied, his coffee stood cold before him. He seemed to be in some unpleasant meditation, every line of his dark face speaking of perplexity.

To be broken in upon by the irruption of numerous visitors, evidently astonished him not a little. The attendants on Mr. Thornycroft had gathered on the way from the Half-moon beach, just as some balls gather in rolling, and six or seven friends followed in on the tail of the master of the Red Court Farm. Isaac, on the contrary, seemed to have fallen away from it, for he did not enter with the rest. Richard rose to welcome them, with scant courtesy.

"Where's Cyril?" began the justice. "Is he down yet?"

"I don't know," answered Richard, taking out his watch and glancing at it. "I have not seen him. It is early yet."

"And Cyril never is very early," added the justice, quickly, assuming that his youngest son was in his bed still. "Have you heard the news, Richard?"

"Yes," was Richard's laconic answer.

"What do you think of it? How do you suppose it could have happened?"

"I don't think about it," returned Richard. "I conclude that if he did not shoot himself, he must have got into some quarrelling fray. He drank enough wine last evening to heat his brain—and we had proof that he was fond of meddling in what did not concern him. The extraordinary part of the business is, what brought him back on the plateau, after he had once started on his journey."

"I'll go up and rouse Cyril, and know where he left Hunter. Gentlemen, if you will sit down and take some breakfast, we shall be glad of your company. There's a capital round of beef. Hallo, you girls!" called out the justice, striding away in the direction of the kitchen, "some of you come in here and attend. Sinnett, let some more ham and eggs be sent in."

Nothing loath, the gentlemen responded at once to the invitation: most of them had not breakfasted. The Rev. Mr. Southall made one. The round of beef was capital, as its master said; the game pies looked tempting, the cold ham, the redhot rolls, the fresh eggs, the toasted bacon, all were excellent. Apparently, the Red Court Farm kept itself prepared for an impromptu public breakfast, just as well as it did for an impromptu dinner.

"Mr. Thornycroft ascended the stairs, and presently his voice was heard on the landing, calling to Cyril. But it died away in the echoes of the large house, and there was no answer, unless the opening of the door of his wife's room by her maid could be called such.

"Did you want anything, sir?" she asked, looking out.

"Nothing particular. How is your lady this morning?"

"Much the same, sir, thank you."

The maid shut the door again, and Mr. Thornycroft went on to Cyril's chamber. He found it empty. It was so unusual for Cyril to be up and out early, that he felt a sort of surprise. That he had not gone far, however, was evident, as his watch and purse lay on the chest of drawers. The justice crossed the corridor and knocked at his daughter's room.

"Are you up, Mary Anne?"

"Yes," responded a faint and hurried voice within. "What do you want, papa?"

"I want you. Open the door."

But Miss Thornycroft did not obey. The justice, never remarkable for patience, when his behests were disregarded, laid hold of the handle and shook it with his strong hand.

"Open the door, I say, Mary Anne. What, girl! are you afraid of me?"

Miss Thornycroft slowly opened the door, and presented herself. She was in a handsome gray silk dress, but it looked tumbled, as if she had lain down in it, and her hair was rough and disarranged. It was the gown she had worn the previous evening, and it would almost seem as if she had done nothing to herself since going up-stairs to bed. The signs caught her father's eye, and he spoke in astonishment.

"Why—what in the world, girl? You have never undressed yourself! Surely, you did not pay too much respect to the wine, as some of the men did!"

"You know better than that, sir. I was very tired, and threw myself on the bed when I came up: I suppose sleep overtook me. Do not allude to it, papa, down-stairs. I will soon change my dress."

"Sleeping in your clothes does not seem to agree with you, Mary Anne: you look as white as if you had swallowed a doctor's shop. Do you know anything of Cyril?—that's what I wanted to ask you."

"No," she replied, "I have neither seen nor heard him."

Mr. Thornycroft came to the conclusion that Cyril had heard of the calamity, and gone out to see about it in his curiosity. He returned to the breakfast-room and said this. Sinnett, who was there, turned round and spoke.

"Mr. Cyril did not sleep at home last night, sir."

"Nonsense," responded the justice.

"He did *not*, sir," persisted Sinnett, in as positive a tone as she dared to use.

"Not sleep at home!" cried Mr. Thornycroft, ironically. "You must be mistaken, Sinnett. Cyril is not a night-bird," he continued, turning his fine and rather free blue eyes on the company: "he leaves late hours to his brothers."

"When Martha took up his hot water just now, and knocked, there was no reply," returned Sinnett, quietly. "So she went in, fearing he might be ill, and found the bed had not been slept in."

For Cyril who had never willingly been guilty of loose conduct in his whole life, to sleep out from home secretly, was as remarkable a fact, as the going regularly to bed at ten o'clock would have been for his brothers. Mr. Thornycroft not only felt amazement, but showed it.

"I cannot understand this at all. Richard, do you know where he can be?"

"Not in the least. I was waiting for him to come down that I might question him where he parted with Hunter."

"When did you see him last?"

"When he was going off last night with Hunter. I have not seen him since. He will turn up by-and-by," continued Richard, carelessly. "If a fellow never has stopped out to make a night of it—that's no reason why he never may. Perhaps he came to an anchor at the Mermaid."

Clearly there was reason in this. Cyril Thornycroft might have remained out from some cause or other, though he never had before, and the gentlemen fell to their breakfast again. But for the strange and unhappy fact of Hunter's having come back to Coastdown, Mr. Thornycroft had concluded that Cyril must have walked with him to Jutpoint, and taken a bed there.

"Go up to Miss Thornycroft, Sinnett," said the justice. "She does not seem well. Perhaps she would like some tea."

Giving a look round the table first to see that nothing more was wanted (for the housekeeper liked to execute orders at her own time and will,) she proceeded to Miss Thornycroft's room. The young lady then had her hair down and her dress off, apparently in the legitimate process of dressing.

"My goodness me, Miss Mary Anne, how white you look!" was the involuntary exclamation of the servant. "It is a dreadful thing, Miss; but you must not take it too much at heart. It is worse for poor Mr. Hunter himself than it is for you."

Mary Anne Thornycroft, who had made a vain effort to hide her emotion and her ghastly face from the servant, opened her lips to speak, and closed them again, unable to utter a syllable.

"What a *gaby* the justice must have been to make such haste to tell her!" thought the woman. For it never occurred to Sinnett that Miss Thornycroft could have gained the information from any other source; or, rather, it may be more correct to say that she knew it could not have been gained from any other. Sinnett, standing in the hall underneath at the moment, had heard her master's knock for admission at his daughter's door, and the colloquy that ensued—not the words, only the sound of the voices.

"The whole village is up in arms," continued Sinnett. "It is an awful murder. Hyde—"

"Don't talk of it," came the interrupting wail; "I cannot bear it yet. Is he found?"

"Poor wretch, yes! with no look of a human face about him, they say," was Sinnett's answer.

"Shot down on to the Half-moon?" shuddered Miss Thornycroft, evidently speaking more to herself than to Sinnett.

"In the fur corner of it. I'll go and bring you a cup of tea, Miss. You are shaking all over."

Mary Anne put out her hand to arrest her, but she was weak, feeble, suffering, and Sinnett went on, totally regardless. In the woman's opinion there was no panacea for ills, whether mental or bodily, like a cup of strong tea, and she hastened to bring one for her young lady. The shortest way of doing this was to get it from the breakfast-room, and in went Sinnett. She was not disposed to stand on too much ceremony at the best of times, especially when put out. Occupying her position for many years as mistress of the internal economy of the Red Court Farm, she felt her sway in it, and she was warmly condemning her master for having spoken. For Sinnett was one who liked on occasion to set those about her to rights. The large silver teapot was before the justice. Sinnett, a breakfast cup in her hand, went up and asked her to fill it.

"What a pity it is, sir, that you told Miss Thornycroft so soon; before she was well out of her bed?" began Sinnett, in an under tone, as she stood waiting. "Time enough for her to have heard such a horrid thing, sir, when she had taken a bit of breakfast. There she is, shaking like a child, not able to dress herself."

"I did not tell her," returned Mr. Thornycroft, aloud. "What are you talking of?"

"Yes, you did, sir."

"I did *not*, I tell you."

"You must have told her, sir," persisted Sinnett. "The first thing she asked me was, whether the body was found on the Half-moon, and said it was shot down on to it. Nobody else has been to the room but yourself."

"Take up the tea to your mistress, and don't stand cavilling here," interposed Richard, in a tone of stern command.

Justice Thornycroft brooked not contradiction from a servant. Moreover, he began to think that his daughter must have got her information from Cyril. He rose from table and strode up-stairs after Sinnett, following her into his daughter's room.

"Mary Anne," in a sharp tone, "did you tell that woman I disclosed to you what had happed to Hunter?"

"No," was the reply.

"Did I tell you that anything had happened to him?"

"No, papa, you did not."

"Do you hear what Miss Thornycroft says?" continued the magistrate, turning to the servant. "I advise you not to presume to contradict me again. If the house were in less excitement, you should come in before them all, and beg my pardon."

A ghastly look of fear had started to the features of Miss Thornycroft.

"I—I heard them talking of it outside," she murmured, looking at Sinnett.

"Outside?" exclaimed Sinnett.

"Underneath, in the herb-garden," faintly added Miss Thornycroft, whose very lips were white as ashes.

"Then you did not hear of it from Cyril, Mary Anne?"

"No, papa, I have not seen Cyril at all."

Justice Thornycroft strode down-stairs again. Sinnett, who did not like to be rebuked—and, in truth, rarely gave occasion for it—looked rather sullen as she put down the cup and saucer.

Nobody has been in the side garden since I got up," cried Sinnett.

"Oh, it was before that," too hastily affirmed Miss Thornycroft. "They were strange voices," she hurriedly added, as if afraid of more questions.

Sinnett shut the door on Miss Thornycroft, and went away ruminating. Something like fear had arisen to the woman's own face.

"What does it all mean?" she asked herself, unconsciously resting the small silver waiter on the window-seat, as she stood looking out. "She *could not* have heard anything outside in the herb-garden, for nobody has had the key of it this morning; and as to people having been up here talking of it before I was up, the poor man had not then been found."

That some dreadful mystery existed, something that would not bear the light of day, and in which Miss Thornycroft was in some way mixed up, Sinnett felt certain. And, woman-like, she spoke out her thoughts too freely; not in ill nature; not to do harm to Miss Thornycroft or any one else; but in the love of talking, in the wish to get her own curiosity satisfied. How *had* she learnt the news? Sinnett wondered again and again. What was it that had put her into this unnatural state of alarm and fear? Regret she might feel for Robert Hunter; horror at his dreadful fate—but whence arose the *fear?* Shrewd Sinnett finally descended, her brain in full work.

When the party in the breakfast-room had concluded their meal, which they did not spare, in spite of the sight their eyes had that morning looked on, they departed in a body, each one privately hoping he should be the first to alight on Mr. Cyril. In the present stage of the affair, Cyril Thornycroft was regarded as the one only person who could throw light upon it. It did not clearly appear where he could be. Richard's suggestion of the Mermaid was an exceedingly improbable one. He was not there; he seemed not to be anywhere else; nobody appeared to have seen him since the previous night, when he was starting to walk a little way with Robert Hunter.

Mr. Thornycroft sat down in the justice room to write to the coroner, and was interrupted by his eldest son. He looked up in expectation.

"Has Cyril turned up, Richard?"

"No, sir. Cyril's not gone far. His portmonnaie and watch are in his room."

"Yes, I caught a sight of them myself. It is strange where he can be. I am rather uneasy."

"There's no occasion for that," returned Richard. "He must have gone on to Jutpoint. There's not a doubt of it."

"Well, I suppose it is so. The curious part is, what brought Hunter back again when he was once fairly on the road? They have been suggesting at the breakfast-table that he might have forgotten something; and I suppose it was so. But what took him to the plateau?"

Richard had his theory on that point. "Curiosity, unjustifiable curiosity; possibly a wicked, dishonorable resolution to betray us, after all," were the words rising so persistently in his mind that he had some difficulty not to speak them. He did not, however; he wished to spare unpleasantness to his father so far as might be. The only one to whom he gave the history of what took place on the previous night before parting with Hunter, was Isaac; and Isaac, as we know, had repeated just a word to his father. Mr. Thornycroft recurred to it now.

"What was it Isaac said about you and Hunter, Richard? I almost forget. That Hunter went on the plateau and saw the signal-light?"

"Hunter saw it. When he first quitted the house some devil's instinct took him to the plateau. I met him as he was running down, made him promise to hold his tongue, and sent him off with Cyril. I could have staked my life—yes, my life," added Richard, firmly—"that he would not have come back again."

"Was that all that passed?"

"Oh, yes, that was all," carelessly returned Richard, who thought it well not to give the details of the unpleasant interview. "He and Cyril walked away together, and I fully assumed we had seen the color of his ugly face for the last time."

"And East saw them down at the Hollow, so they must have gone that far. Well, it's very odd; but I suppose Cyril will clear it up."

Mr. Thornycroft drew down his spectacles before his eyes—they had been lifted while he talked—and went on with his note to the coroner. Again Richard broke in, speaking abruptly.

"Sir, this affair of Hunter's must be kept dark."

"Kept dark!" echoed the justice. "When a man's found murdered, one can't keep it dark. What do you mean, Dick?"

"I mean, kept as dark as the legal proceedings will allow. Don't make more stir in it, sir, than is absolutely necessary. It would have been well to keep secret his having gone on the plateau at all; but it's known already, and can't be helped now. Hush it up as much as you can."

"But why?"

"*Hush it up,*" impressively repeated Richard, his dark face working with some inward agitation. "*I* shall know what to say in regard to his having gone on the plateau before departure; you and Isaac had better be silent. Hush it up—hush it up! You will be at the coroner's right hand, and can sway him imperceptibly. It is essential advice, father."

"What the deuce!" burst forth the magistrate, staring at his son; "you do not fear Cyril was the murderer of Hunter?"

"No, thank God!" fervently answered Richard. "Cyril would be the last in the world to speak an unkind word, let alone shoot a man. But, don't you see, sir—too minute inquiries may set them on the track of something else that was done on the Half-moon last night, and it would not do. That confounded Kyne has got his eyes and ears open enough, as it is."

"By George! there's something in that," deliberated the justice. "My sympathy for Hunter put that out of my mind. All right, Dicky, now I have the cue."

Mr. Thornycroft sealed his note to the coroner, despatched it, and went upstairs to Lady Ellis's room. She was up, and sitting on the sofa. He shook hands and inquired how she had rested. For a long while, in fact since the beginning of her illness, their relations with each other had been but those of common acquaintance. He was wondering whether it would be well to tell her of the catastrophe; but she had already heard of it, and sat, paler than usual, gazing at the idlers who were crowding the edge of the plateau, leaning over it in their curiosity. That unusual sight would alone have told her something was the matter.

"Is it *possible* that this can be true?" she asked, in a low tone of distress. "Is Robert Hunter really murdered?"

"It is too true, unfortunately," he answered; "at least, that he is dead. Whether murdered—as everybody has been in haste to say and assume—or whether accidentally shot, remains to be proved."

"And what are the particulars? What is known?"

But here Mr. Thornycroft would not satisfy her, or could not stay to do it. His carriage was at the door to take him to Jutpoint, where he had magisterial business that could not be postponed. Mentioning just a fact or two, he quitted the room, and found Isaac talking rather sharply to Sinnett in the hall below.

Sinnett had not allowed her doubts or her tongue to slumber. First of all she had talked to Hyde—of Miss Thornycroft's curious demeanor, of her incautious avowal, of her remarkable state of alarm and fear; and Hyde replied by telling her to "hold her peace if she couldn't talk sense." She next, as it chanced, mentioned it to Tomlett, and he retorted that Sinnett was a fool. Sinnett felt wrathful; and in some way or other the matter penetrated to the ears of Isaac. He did not believe it; he felt sure that his sister knew nothing, and was taking Sinnett to task when Mr. Thornycroft descended.

A few hasty words from the three, and Mr. Thornycroft opened the door of his daughter's parlor, where he understood she now was. Rather to his surprise, Richard was shut in with her. It was an unusual thing for him to be in-doors in the day-time. She wore a morning dress now, and looked much the same as usual, except that her face was pale and her hands trembled. Richard went out as they entered.

"Now, then," said the justice, "we will have this cleared up. Where and from whom did you hear of this matter, Mary Anne?"

She answered briefly, leaning her forehead on her arm, that she had heard people talking of it early in the morning below her window. Sinnett, anxious to justify herself, and very vexed that this should have come to the ears of her masters, said this could not be; the key of the herb-garden was in her pocket, and nobody could have got into it.

The plot of ground on the side of the house, under Miss Thornycroft's window, where the herbs were grown, was enclosed. A small glass shed (it was not half large enough to be called a green-house) was at one corner of it, in which Sinnett had some plants. Three or four of these had been stolen one night, and since then Sinnett had kept the gate locked.

Miss Thornycroft, her hand held up still as if to hide her face, persisted. She had heard voices underneath in the early morning, strange voices; it was so unusual that she quietly opened her window to listen. They spoke of Mr. Hunter, and she caught distinctly the words "murder," and "shot down from the heights to the Half-moon." "It was as if one man was telling another," faintly concluded Miss Thornycroft. "I could only hope it was not true; it frightened me terribly. As to how they could have been in the herb-garden, I suppose they must have got over the palisades."

"Nothing more likely, that they might talk at leisure without interruption," cried the justice, turning angrily on his housekeeper. "Let the subject be dropped: do you hear, Sinnett? How dare you attempt to raise a cabal! What's the matter with you to-day? One would think *you* shot him down."

Striding across the hall, the justice went out to his restive horses, prancing and pawing the ground in their impatience. Isaac followed him.

"If you will allow me, sir, I should like to accompany you."

"All right, Isaac; get up."

The justice drove away, his son by his side, his groom sitting behind, as he had once, years ago, driven away from the gate of Mrs. Chester; but his daughter was with him then. Isaac's errand to Jutpoint, unavowed, was to look after Cyril. Why it should have been so he could not have told, then or later, but an uneasy prevision lay on his mind that something or other was wrong, more than met the eye.

Sinnett, nettled beyond everything at her master's concluding reproach, spoken though it was in irony, and at the turn of affairs altogether, flounced off to her kitchen, leaving Miss Thornycroft alone. She—Mary Anne Thornycroft—had made her explanation almost glibly, after the manner of one who has learnt a part by heart, and recites it. That some most awful dread was upon her—apart from the natural grief and horror arising from the murder, if it was murder—was indisputable; and Sinnett felt sure of it still.

Her face buried in her hands; her body swaying backwards and forwards in her chair; her whole aspect evincing dire agony now she was alone, sat Mary Anne Thornycroft. In that one past night she seemed to have aged years. The knock of a visitor aroused her; some curious gossip come to inquire and chatter and comment; and she escaped upstairs, crossing Hyde in the hall.

"I cannot see any one, Hyde; my head aches too much."

The door of her stepmother's room was open, and Lady Ellis called to her. One single moment of rebellion, of wish to escape, and then she remembered that she had not been in at all that morning, and also that it was well to avoid observation just now. Lady Ellis sat as Mr. Thornycroft had left her; her dark hair drawn simply from her wasted face, her purple morning-gown tied at the waist with a cord and tassel, its lace ruffles falling over her thin white hand.

"I was just going to ring and ask you to come up, Mary Anne. I *must* hear the particulars of this dreadful mystery; I cannot rest until they are told. Look at them!"

She pointed to the heights. Dotting the plateau, peeping in at the round tower, holding hands and waists for security as they bent forward over the edge to look at the scene of the tragedy below, were the idlers. Mary Anne sat down near the table, her elbow on it, her head leaning on her hand, her eyes bent on the carpet, and told the particulars that the world knew. Lady Ellis heard them to the end without comment.

"But why should he have gone on the plateau at all?" she questioned.

"I don't know. He did go. As I stood at the door watching him off, he turned from the road to the plateau. I saw him. I saw him cross the railings."

"And your brother Richard saw him?"

"Yes, as he was coming off. They stood talking for a minute or two, Richard says. Cyril came up then, and he started to walk a little way with Robert Hunter."

"But what does Cyril say? Where is he?"

"He has not been home since. They suppose he went on to Jutpoint and slept there. Nothing more except this is known."

"But Mr. Hunter must have come back again?"

"Of course he must. It is his coming back that is so unaccountable."

"And why—why should Cyril walk to Jutpoint, unless he walked with Mr. Hunter?" resumed Lady Ellis after a pause.

Miss Thornycroft shook her head. It was in truth so much involved in doubt and mystery from beginning to end, that she felt unable to cope with it, even by conjecture,

she said faintly. "The terrible point in it all seems to be in his having come back again."

"Nay, the terrible point is the attack upon him," dissented her step-mother. "It might have been an accidental shot, after all. At what hour was it supposed to take place?"

"Miss Thornycroft could not say. "Of course—yes—it might have been only accidental," she assented with whitening lips.

"Mary Anne, how ill you look!"

"Do I? It frightened me you see. And I have a dreadful headache," she added, rising to escape those eyes bent on her with so much curiosity. "I must go and lie down on the bed, if you will spare me?"

"Lie on my sofa," said Lady Ellis.

"No, thank you. Shut in by myself, I may get to sleep."

"Tell me one thing," and Lady Ellis laid her hand on her step-daughter's arm. "Is any one suspected?"

"No; oh no."

"I suppose, Mary Anne, it is quite sure that he is *dead?*"

A faint cry at the mockery of the almost suggested hope escaped Mary Anne's lips. When the surgeon saw him at eight o'clock that morning, he thought he must have been dead about ten hours.

Lady Ellis leaned back in her chair when she was left alone, her eyes closed, her wan hands clasped meekly on her bosom.

"Ah! was he fit to go? was he fit to go?" she murmured, the thought having lain on her as a great dream of agony. "Had it been Cyril Thornycroft, there could be no doubt. "But *As*——*?* Perhaps he was changed, as I am," she resumed after a long pause. "Oh! yes, yes, it might have been so; Robert Hunter might have been READY. Thank God that he gave me his forgiveness last night!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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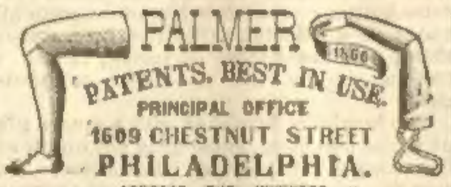
Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je20-1y



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES^T A.A.LIMB C^O

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.
DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.
All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.
To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

NEW
CRAYONS.
NEW

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN'S

LATEST NOVELTY.

Connoisseurs in Art, and all who are tired of the old style of photographs, are invited to examine these new Pictures as they pass the Gallery of the undersigned,

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

These beautiful effects, first introduced by this firm, are precisely those of the fine French lithographs "*Aux Deux Crayons*," and may be imparted to all sizes of portraiture from the Carte de Visite to the largest heads.

Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown.
ap17-7t

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.
E. M. BRUCE, 18 North Seventh Street, mar14-tf Philadelphia.

FREE! FREE! FREE!—250 Photographs of distinguished men and beautiful women mailed for 25 cents, or sample of 10 for two stamps. Address R.L.B. THORNTON, mar20-6m Hoboken, New Jersey.

MAKE YOUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHS. A package, with full directions, mailed for 15 cents. Success guaranteed. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my8-3m

1000 MEN WANTED; wages $3 per day; send for circular to M. L. BYRN, 80 Cedar St., New York. my8-4t

THE
Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.,
Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.
JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.
JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*
It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.
The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.
Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.
An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the Insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.
PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,
329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.
CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
feb13-1y

PERSONAL.

I can furnish constant employment for leisure hours and evenings in a genteel, honorable and profitable business. From $1 to $5 per evening can be realized, and a proportionate profit to persons devoting their whole time to the business. Women and children can do it. That no doubt may exist as to the genuineness of my offer I will send full particulars, with sample of business, by mail, for ten cents. Address P. C. BARKER, Salem, Mass. my8-4t

CANCER

Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address, DRS. BABCOCK & SON, mar27-3m 700 Broadway, New York.

DR. R. A. WILSON'S TONIC, CAthartic, Anti-Dyspeptic, and Headache Pills, are the most reliable and useful Pill for what they are recommended, now before the public. They cure Dyspepsia, Headache, Inebriety, Surfeit, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Neuralgia, Costiveness, etc., etc. R. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., No. 407 Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa., Sole Proprietors. Sold by all Druggists. my8-3m

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SAT. EVE. POST.—ESTEEMED FRIEND.—We have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cured the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve, and will send a sample *free* to any sufferer who will address us, SAYRE & CO., 210 Broadway, New York. my8-3m

DONT BE HUMBUGGED BY CHEAP Stencil Plates. A finely cut Stencil Plate with Ink, Brush and Directions for using, sent by mail for 50 cents; fancy styles 75 cents. All plates warranted. Send to G. G. MILLER, Luzerne, Warren Co., New York. my1-4t

ART OF LOVE.—This book shows how to gain the affections of the opposite sex. Any man or woman can thus win the one they love. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent by mail for 25 cents; 3 for 50 cents; 7 for $1; or $10 per 100. TUTTLE & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. ap10-3m

WHY WILL YOU WORK FOR $1.50 a day when you can make $40 a week in our new business? Can be done indoor by either sex. We have 100 new articles never before introduced and wanted in every house. Samples sent on receipt of 10 cts. Address WALTER HOLT, 102 Nassau St., New York. my15-6t

$1. GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR.—Agents will please cut this out, and send for particulars, to PARMELEE & CO., my8-6m 738 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

30 GALLONS OF WHISKEY for $1.—Full instructions for 50 cents. Address B. C. WEST, Fort Deposit, Maryland. mar13-3m

BUILDERS send for catalogue of all new *Architectural Books and Journals.* Address A. J. BICKNELL & Co., Pub'rs, Troy, N. Y., or Springfield, Ill.

SELAT—More Valuable than Gold.—For particulars send two 3 cent stamps to AUGUSTE DUPIN, Box 1027, Cincinnati, O.

MYSTERY.—Spirit Photographs sent for 25 cents. Address *Spirit Picture Co.*, 34 Liberty St., N. Y.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—I am now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at their homes, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Fifty cents to $5 per evening, is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered those who will devote their whole time to the business; and, that every person who sees this notice, may send me their address and test the business for themselves, I make the following unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied with the business, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Sample sent by mail for 10 cts. Address E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Me.

$3000 SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO CO., N. Y.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR-CRIMPERS. Every lady should have them. For sale at variety stores. Made only by E. IVINS, 1301 Marshall St., Philadelphia.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

VINEGAR FROM CIDER, Wine, Molasses or **Sorghum,** in 10 hours, without using acids or drugs. Endorsed by the great chemists. For terms and other information, address F. I. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn.

PATENTS.—Munn & Co., Editors **Scientific American,** 37 Park Row, New York. Twenty-three years' experience in obtaining **AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PATENTS.**
Opinions no charge. A pamphlet, 100 pages of law and information free. Address as above.

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

FIRE EXTINGUISHER, Plant Syringe, WINDOW WASHER and GARDEN ENGINE for $5. Send stamp for circulars to H. H. P. PUMP CO., Danvers, Mass.

$10 *Indispensable to every Household!* Perfectly wonderful! Everybody buys at first sight! Agents making fortunes! Illustrated circulars *free!* Address APEX S. M. Co., 208 Broadway N. Y.

AMERICAN
Newspaper Directory.

A Complete List of Newspapers for the United States, Territories, and British Provinces; giving names, politics or general character, subscription price, circulation, editors and publishers names, population and location of places where issued, &c., &c.
Also, separate lists showing at a glance how many and which papers circulate more than 5,000, 10,000 or 20,000 copies each issue, with actual figures given.
Also, classified lists of all publications devoted specially to the interests of Religion, Agriculture, Horticulture, Medicine, Surgery, Education, Juveniles, Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship, Temperance, Commerce, Finance, Insurance, Real Estate, Mechanics, Law, Sport, Music, Woman's Rights, and those printed wholly or in part in the German, French, Scandinavian, Spanish, Hollandish, Italian, Welsh and Bohemian languages. A volume of over 300 pages bound in cloth,

PRICE—FIVE DOLLARS,

Forwarded to any address on receipt of price.
G. P. ROWELL, & CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

A Pamphlet of 32 Pages, containing a list of over 1,000 Newspapers, which are particularly recommended to advertisers, with estimates showing the cost of any advertisement, **sent free on receipt of stamp.**

Woolen Remnants
AT FACTORY PRICES.
☞ Samples and prices sent free. Address PAUL, the Remnant Man, Providence, R. I.

A Strange, Interesting Book, for both sexes, over 200 illustrated and densely filled pages. Sent, closely sealed, on receipt of $1. Address DR. H. ALEXANDER, Detroit, Mich.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S ADVERTISING AGENCY.

"They have reduced advertising to a more perfect system than has been known heretofore."—*Hazelton (Pa.) Sentinel, Oct. 31, 1867.*
"Whatever is prompt, methodical and straightforward, they practice in their dealings and only that."—*Boston Commonwealth, Nov. 30, 1867.*
"They now probably do the heaviest advertising business in the country."—*Manchester (N. H.) Daily Union, Jan. 25, 1868.*
"Their establishment is perhaps the most extensive in the United States."—*Cape Ann Advertiser, Gloucester, Mass.*
"This firm is now the most substantial business house for advertising in the country."—*American Mining Index, (N. Y.) April 2, 1868.*
"With their reputation they can and do get the lowest and most advantageous terms."—*Mishawaka (Ind.) Enterprise.*
We are prepared to receive advertisements for all American Newspapers, at prices as low as can be obtained at the offices of publication.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
40 Park Row, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
Circular to Advertisers,
SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS,
CONTAINING

A List of Seven Hundred and Fifty choice Advertising mediums, subdivided into more than 50 special Lists, with Price Cards showing the cost of any advertisement from one line to one column.

A List of the leading Daily papers in all the large towns and cities of the United States and Canada.

A List of Two Hundred leading Weekly and Monthly publications, with estimates showing the cost of an advertisement or from 5 to 25 lines, from one week to two months.

A List of prominent Advertisers who have patronized this Advertising Agency, and letters showing the opinions of such men concerning the advantages it offers.

Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A WHEELOCIPEDE.

It has only one wheel,
Neither treadle or saddle;
It is built in such shape
That you don't have to straddle.
The man who propels it
Takes hold with his hands
Of two parallel bars,
And on the ground stands;
Puts his feet in motion,
One after the other,
While the vehicle goes,
Without any bother.
This funny machine
Has no painting or gilding;
It is useful to carry
Material for building—
Shingles and shavings,
Brick, lime, and plaster—
And the lighter the load,
It can travel the faster.
It is better than a bycycle,
For it isn't so narrow;
And our wheel-ocipede
We will call a wheelbarrow!

Adventures of a Fast Young Man.

"Thank you, I don't care if I do," said a fast young man, with a large pressed brick in his hat, as he surged up the other night, to the Indian that stands in front of a tobacco store in Broadway with a bunch of cast iron cigars in his hand.

"I'll take one; I smoke sometimes," and he reached out to take the proffered weed, but the Indian wouldn't give it up. He hung on to the cigars like grim death.

"Look here, old copperhead," said the fast young man, "none of that; no tricks upon travellers, or there'll be a muss; you and I'll fall out; somebody'll get a punch in the head."

The Indian said never a word, but still held on to the cast iron cigars. He was calm, dignified, unmoved, as an Indian should be, looking his assailant straight in the face, and no muscle moving a single hair.

"Yes, yes. Look at me, old feather head. I'm one of 'em; I'm around; I'm full weight, potato measure heaped up," and he placed himself in position, threw back his coat, and squared off for a fight.

All the time the Indian said never a word, and looked, without the least alarm, straight into the face of the fast young man, still holding out the cigars in a mighty friendly sort of a way. The young man was plucky, and just in a condition to resent any insult, or no insult at all. He was ready to "go in," but the calmness and imperturbability of the Indian rather cowed him, and he was disposed to reason the matter.

"I'll take one," said he, "certainly. I said so before; I freeze to a good cigar; I'm one of the smokers. Why, father was one of the smokers, he was. One of the old sort, and I'm edition number two, revised and corrected with notes, author's writing on the title-page and copyright secured. Yes, I'll take one. All right, old red skin, I'll take one."

But the Indian said not a word, looking all the time straight in the face of the fast young man, and holding on to the cigars.

"Look here, old gimlet eye, I'm getting riled, my back's coming up, and you and I'll have a turn; smell of that, old copperhead," and he thrust his fist under the nose of the cast iron Indian, who said not a word, moved not a muscle, but kept right on, looking straight into the face of the fast young man, as if not caring a fig for his threats, or taking in at all the odor of his fist.

"Very well," said the fast young man, "I'm agreeable. I'm around; look out for your ugly mug, old pumpkin head," and he let go a right-hander, square against the nose of the cast iron Indian, who never moved an inch, nor stirred a muscle, looking with calm, unchanged dignity, as before, in the face of his enemy.

"Hallo!" cried the fast young man, in utter bewilderment, as he reeled back half way across the sidewalk, with the blood dripping from his skinned knuckles, "Hallo! here's a go: here's an eye-opener; here's a thing to hunt for round the corner. I'm satisfied, old iron face, I am. Enough said between gentlemen."

Just then he caught sight of the tomahawk, and his hair began to rise. The Indian seemed to be making up his mind to use it.

"Hold on!" cried the fast young man, as he dodged round the awning-post. "Hold on! none of that; I'll apologize; I squat; I knock under. Hold on, I say!" he continued, as the Indian seemed to scowl with peculiar fierceness. "Hold on! Very well, I'm off. I've business down the street; people at home waiting for me; can't stay," and he bolted like a quarter horse down Broadway, and his cry of "hold on" died away as he vanished beyond the lamp-lights.

Not to be Done.

Dealer—"Now there's a little 'oss I can warrant. He's a clever, perfectly-trained, snaffle-bridled hunter, and fast; up to twice your weight across any country. Sold for no fault; well-bred and powerful; high-couraged, but good-tempered, and temperate with hounds. Quiet and free from vice. Winner of many races; out of constant work; perfectly sound; grand action, and thoroughly broken. Goes well in single and double harness; has run wheeler and leader in a team; will work in a cart, plough, or harrow. Never out of his place; a capital jumper; never made a mistake in his life over bank, timber, water, stone-wall, hill or vale country. Best lady's 'oss in the country; been ridden charger; plenty of quality and manners; splendid mouth; doesn't shy; never stumbles; good walker and fast trotter; excellent park hack; never sick nor sorry since he was foaled; subject to any vet's examination; and to be sold for a song!"

Customer—"Ah! I'm doubtful he's scarcely enough of a 'oss for me. If he could only trap rabbits, manage foreign and fancy poultry, rear pheasants, do a little plain gardening, milk and look after a cow and pig, wait at table, teach in the Sunday-school, and play the organ in the church as well, why, I wouldn't mind having him—on trial for a time, eh?"

☞ A lady whose husband possesses considerable wealth, returned from abroad with large quantities of objects of art, rather promiscuously chosen, and in despair stood contemplating her Parian groups. "Oh, Jack!" exclaimed she at last, "what shall we do? There are no *nicks* for our *stationery!*"

PLEASANT FOR MR. PROBOSCIS.

STREET ARAB.—"Here, Guv'nor, let's carry one of yer trunks for ye!"

Adventures in the Astor House.

A few evenings since two rustics, who had made their first visit to the metropolis, and had very naturally put up at the Astor House, were examining the hotel with surprise and delight. They went up stairs and down stairs—looked into the breakfast and dining-rooms, the parlors, the office, the saloon, the barber shop, and had many words of commendation for each.

At last, wandering along the corridors, one of them espied the elevator, the doors of which were open. "Look here, Joe," said he to his friend. "This is a nice little room, but there's no bed in it. I wonder what it's for!"

Joe's curiosity was aroused. So he stepped into the elevator, and he and his companion sat down on one of the cushioned seats. "This is nice," remarked Joe, "but I don't see what it's for. Do you, Bill?"

While they were trying to find out what the nice little room was intended for, they saw to their astonishment and terror that it was going up.

"Hallo!" cried Joe, "what the deuce does this mean? It's runnin' away, Bill. Whoa! whoa! whoa!"

"Stop her, stop her," screamed Bill, endeavoring to climb out at the top. "D—n the infernal thing, it's goin' to blow up. Get out, Joe, or you'll be killed." And they both began to climb up the side, but were unable to escape.

"Confound the luck, this is a wooden balloon we've got into, Bill. It's going right up through the roof, sure. When it gets on top of the house, let's break out and jump for our lives. Let's watch now for our chance, old boy, or we're gonem."

Still the elevator ascended, and the two bumpkins sat still with pale faces and compressed lips, as if they were approaching the rapids of Niagara in an open boat. They evidently anticipated a death struggle and were prepared for it.

In a few more seconds the elevator stopped. They were about to step out, when down it went, to the new astonishment of the bucolic pair. They then gave themselves up for lost, and when the elevator reached the first floor, and they were asked by one of the servants if they wished to go up again, they stepped into the corridor as though they had walked out of their graves.

"What the deuce is that thing?" inquired Joe.

"It's the helevator," replied the serving man, who, being English, had aspirations, of course.

"Well, I thought there must be a kind of hell about it. Is it a trap to frighten strangers, or an infernal machine, or one of them blamed velocipedes I've heard tell so much of?"

The servant endeavored to explain what an elevator is; but he failed as completely as the schoolmaster did who endeavored to explain what steam was.

Not Ready.

The Paris Figaro finds many of its jokes in the police courts. A citizen is charged with having excited the citizens to hate each other, etc.

Prisoner—"I move that my trial be postponed; my lawyer is not ready."

President—"When will he be ready?"

Prisoner—"Perhaps in three or four years, Mr. President."

[Great surprise on the bench, laughter in the audience.]

Prisoner—"Let me explain; I have confidence only in my young nephew, who has just commenced studying law. He needs time; but I tell you, Mr. President, he will make a firstrate lawyer."

Silliness Well Rebuked.

Mr. Mudie, the author of some popular works on "The Seasons," was originally a teacher in Dundee. He happened to be one of a tea-party at the house of Rev. Dr. M———. The doctor was reputed for the suavity of his manners, and his especial politeness toward the fair sex. Handing a dish of honey to one of the ladies, he said, in his wonted manner—

"Do take a little honey, Miss ———; 'tis so sweet—so like yourself."

Mr. Mudie could not restrain his native tendency to humor, so, handing the butter-dish to the host, he exclaimed—

"Do take a little butter, doctor; 'tis so soft—so like yourself."

☞ A man, hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing. Why, if *my* grandfather were alive, he would be a hundred and fifty years old."

☞ Boys often become tyrants from a mistaken notion of its being grand and manly.

Chinese Jugglers.

The Chinese jugglers and their curious tricks are often a matter of great interest to the stranger. Unlike the modern prestidigitator, he has no apparatus, no tables with drawers, nor baskets and boxes with false bottoms—therefore his tricks seem all the more wonderful. One trick I remember that I was never tired of seeing, it was so curious, and at the same time so beautiful.

The juggler is furnished with a square tile of white porcelain, apparently not different from any other piece of white ware. He asks you what flower he shall make appear on the surface. Perhaps you say a red rose. He waves a brush over the plate a few times, the brush has apparently no color in it, and he has no color near him, and in a moment the flower appears on the tile, with its appropriate leaves, as if painted by a most skillful hand. When you have admired it sufficiently, he passes his hand once more across the picture, and it is gone. You ask to see a water-lily next, and with a few waves of the same brush he produces it, without a moment's hesitation, and wipes it away in the same manner. No matter what flower you ask for, so long as it is one with which the juggler is acquainted, he will paint it for you. The growth, blossoming, and fruit-bearing of a seed planted before your eyes, in a little mound of earth on the pavement beneath your window, is another of the inexplicable tricks of their jugglery; and it becomes peculiarly difficult of explanation when the fruit you see grow, and are afterward allowed to eat, is not in season, and therefore not to be procured in the market.

AGRICULTURAL.

How Good Stock Pays.

A correspondent of the Dixie Farmer says: I will give a recent occurrence or two, that has dollars and cents in it. A Kentucky breeder recently offered a live proposition to a neighbor of mine, $35 per head for all the calves on his place weaning to twenty months old—he declined the offer—on the adjoining farms he could have bought calves of the same age at from $2 to $6 per head. He said he would not drive them to Kentucky if they were presented to him; why? The improved breed of calves could be made to gross 1,700 lbs., at three years old; the other, if ever, at five or six years; one consuming as much grass, requiring the same care as the other. Comment is unnecessary. I sold last fall at the Fair at Murfreesboro, a one year old filly for $400, greenbacks—she was thoroughbred—cost me no more to raise her to that age than a mongrel—or a mule—the only additional cost being $456 paid for her dam. The filly was the first produce. I refused $250 for her second foal at five months old. I paid $325 for another mare—sold her two year old and one year old fillies for $500. I paid $1,125 for a fine jennet, in foal to a fine jack—sold the colt at two and a half years old for $2,000. All the well bred pigs I can raise, are in demand at $10 each, at from two to three months old. All the improved variety of sheep pay—their lambs selling from $10 to $25 per head, at weaning time. The improved breeds of poultry pay—what is it that don't pay, if the best of its kind and well cared for? What mongrel stock does pay? If any, I have to find it out.

The Sparrows.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, waged war in his day against the sparrow, because he did not respect his favorite fruit, the cherry. The sparrow, of course, yielded to the conqueror of Austria, and disappeared from Prussia. But, at the end of two years, not only were there no cherries in all Prussia, but also hardly any other kind of fruit. The caterpillars destroyed all. And this great king, conqueror in so many battle-fields, was glad to sign an humble treaty of peace, and to surrender up a fair proportion of his cherries to the sparrow, once more restored to the country and to royal favor.

In several well-recorded instances, the wholesale destruction of these birds has been immediately followed by calamitous consequences to agriculturists. Noxious insects, the rapid reproduction and increase of which man was totally unable to prevent, and against which he was powerless, but which the sparrow had kept in check, multiplied to a frightful extent, and swept before them the vegetables of the garden, the grass, grain, fruit trees, and vineyards. Wherever this has happened, men have been at last only too glad to reintroduce the sparrow; content to put up with the liberties he took in their gardens and wheat-fields for the sake of the greater good he alone could do them in the destruction of their insect pests.

The Sunflower.

The Sunflower is popularly regarded as a cheap and comparatively worthless plant, cultivated, perhaps, because the owner of the cottage or the homestead is hardly able to have other and more gaudy and pretentious plants to ornament his surroundings.

It is, to be sure, a somewhat coarse, tall growing and hardy annual, showy, and in suitable places by no means unattractive. It was introduced from South America as early as 1596, and has at times been put to a great variety of uses. It was found by experiments, formerly made in this State, that a bushel of Sunflower seed will yield a gallon of oil, and that an acre of ground planted three feet apart in rows will yield from forty to fifty bushels. The oil is as mild as sweet oil, and equally agreeable on salads and as a medicine. The seed is raised with very little trouble and we should like to see it more commonly cultivated.

We find a short article upon it in the Agricultural Intelligencer, the first regular weekly Agricultural paper in Boston, we think, started in January, 1820, by William Spear, in which the uses to which the Sunflower seed may be applied are stated as follows, being translated from a Portuguese work:

1. The sprouts are eaten with oil and salt.
2. Bread is made from the seed and gruel for children.
3. Some American natives eat the seed.
4. The seed gives oil for several uses.
5. It fattens fowls.
6. Its leaves are excellent food for cattle in summer, and increase the quantity of milk in cows.
7. They are also good for sheep.
8. The stems are useful to support climbing plants.
9. They serve for fuel; as good as willow wood.
10. The seeds when roasted have the flavor of coffee, and the infusion of them, like tea, makes a pleasant beverage.

These important uses ought to set people to thinking.

Advantages of Dairying.

A Western farmer talks up the double advantages of dairy farming in one of our exchanges as follows:

I live in the "Western Reserve," and in an almost exclusively dairying region, and have seen it change from stock raising and grain growing to what it now is, and the profits of the farms now are nearly two-fold more than they were under the old system of management. Farmers found that ten to twelve bushels of wheat to the acre, thirty of corn, the same of oats, with attendant expense, such as hired help, seed, extra teams, etc., with the inevitable wear of land, did not pay, but that dairying, with cheese from twelve to sixteen cents per pound, with a little hired labor, and no wear and tiring of one's self, but the reverse, does pay, and that well. I do not propose to go into a long argument to prove the advantages and beauties this business has over other branches of farming. I do claim, however, that dairying, in a country adapted to it, is least exhausting to the land, requires one-fourth the manual labor that grain growing does, and as the principal portion of the farm is in grass, does, of necessity, make the country look more beautiful to the travelling public.

To Keep Fowls Healthy.

The way I keep my fowls in health, I clean out the house once a week; put wood ashes under the roosts; have iron basins for them to drink from; whitewash inside of hen house with *hot* lime; put a little kerosene oil on the roosts once a month. The main food is oats, and cake of scraps to pick on. I never feed but once a day—at noon, or when I shut them up at four or five P. M. When they run out, then give them all they will eat. In my experience, there is no way to get diseased fowls easier than to keep them stuffed; it makes them lazy, and they won't work as much as they ought to, to keep in a healthy condition.

I never had any gapes in chickens. When any fowl begins to droop, I give three large pills of common hard, yellow soap; 'tis the best thing to cleanse a fowl I know of. I follow it for three days, give them nothing to eat and plenty of pure water to drink. In desperate cases, give a half teaspoonful of tincture of lobelia. It will seldom, if ever, fail of curing. It is a very cleansing and powerful medicine for fowls.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Look to Your Fences.—Among the first duties of the spring we may mention the mending of old and the construction of new fences. A farm but poorly enclosed is almost worthless; it is a perpetual source of perplexity, and the annoyance is often of a nature that sets both precaution and patience at defiance. Whenever it is necessary to construct a new or to reconstruct an old line, it should be done in the most thorough manner. Good materials and good workmanship are as valuable here as in any other department of the art. This should be always borne in mind. Good fences secure good neighbors, and good neighbors are a treasure in our cold, selfish world.

RECEIPTS.

Baking Powder.—Mix one ounce superfine carbonated soda with seven drachms tartaric acid; roll them smooth; mix well; put in a bottle, using one teaspoonful to the above quantity of flour.

Fruit Pudding.—One cup of molasses, half a cup of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, three and a half cups of flour, one half teaspoon each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves, half a cup or more of raisins or currants, a large cupfull of chopped apples, or if you have no apples, dried peaches or dried apples that have been well soaked, will do, one teaspoonful of soda stirred in the molasses; boil two hours.

To make a fine Paste for Photographs.—Simply make a little clear starch, omitting the spermaceti. Use this with a brush. It is what the Photographers use.

To remove a Photograph from its Mounting.—It is sometimes desirable to take off the photograph, either for pasting in a book, or to substitute a fresher background. Soak it in hot water. Sometimes it will come off better to let it remain soaking forty-eight hours. It never injures the picture, but will float it off easily. Dry it, and use paste, as above, to refix it.

Queen's Toast.—Fry some slices of stale bread a fine brown; then dip each slice quickly in some boiling water to remove the grease. Place them in layers on a dish. They may be put in the form of a pyramid. Serve with any kind of sweet sauce.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 82 letters.
My 82, 79, 61, is a river of North America.
My 18, 23, 11, 50, is a river of Maine.
My 6, 1, 20, 18, 14, 41, 63, 38, 11, 3, 50, is a state.
My 10, 15, 29, 35, 17, 18, is a group of islands in the Pacific.
My 63, 16, 8, 32, 24, 60, is a desert of Africa.
My 49, 72, 53, 31, 66, is a lake of Africa.
My 9, 37, 2, 5, is a river of Soudan.
My 13, 66, 71, 50, 4, 70, 63, 7, 48, 74, is a country of Asia.
My 12, 27, 34, 73, 80, is a mount of Palestine.
My 22, 29, 19, 48, 39, 60, 33, 79, is a range of mountains of Asia.
My 21, 46, 26, 62, 80, 53, 49, is a city of Persia.
My 65, 73, 25, is a river of France.
My 28, 43, 60, 9, 32, is a river of Germany.
My 45, 70, 69, 63, 30, 47, 66, 74, is a country of Germany.
My 42, 58, is an abbreviation.
My 30, 44, is also an abbreviation.
My 40, 68, 66, 72, 52, 54, is the heaviness of any substance.
My 51, 56, 78, is an article.
My 55, 66, 59, 57, 64, 76, 61, is one of the books of the New Testament.
My 67, 75, is an abbreviation.
My 81, 77, 71, 74, is also an abbreviation.
My whole is a Scriptural command to children. WM. LEE.

Riddle.

My first is in Bacchus, but not in wine.
My second's in Caliope, not "the Nine."
My third is in Neptune, but not in sea.
My fourth is in Satyr, but not in tree.
My fifth is in Mercury, not his wing.
My sixth is in Syren, but not in sing.
And my seventh's in Pluto, but not in king.
My whole is a state of peace and rest,
And who ever owns it on earth is blest.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Geometrical Problem.

It is required to cut a regular oblong cubical block, whose length shall be to its breadth as 4 is to 3, and its height to its length as 5 is to 9, out of a wooden sphere the square of the inches of whose diameter is said to be 733 9-16. Required—the greatest length, breadth and height that may be given to said oblong block in forming the same out of said sphere.

HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A owns a farm in the form of a circle, whose diameter is just 50 perches, and wishes to sell three other farms from it which shall be circles that are equal in area and touch each other, as well as the circumference of his farm. Required—the diameter of these inscribed farms.

W. HOOVER.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Divide the number 170 into three integral numbers, such that the square of any one of them added to the product of the two others shall produce a square number.

J. SCOTT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ As Colfax had Nellie Wade, why didn't he have her uncle weighed also? Ans.—Because he's Ben Wade.

☞ When does a hen like beer? Ans.—When she has a little brood.

☞ Why is a horse like a reporter? Ans.—Because he is fond of takin' oats.

☞ What do we often drop, and never stop to pick up? Ans.—A hint.

Answers to Last.

METAGRAM—Pen. (Hen, pin, pet.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—"The Spirit is truth."—1 John v. 6.

T irzah,	1 Kings xvi. 6.
H egai,	Esth. ii. 9.
E tam,	Judg. xv. 11.
S hiloh,	1 Kings xiv. 4.
P eniel,	Gen. xxxii. 30.
I shbosheth's,	2 Sam. iv. 8.
R ehum,	Ezra, iv. 8.
I chabod's,	1 Sam. iv. 21.
T ola,	Judg. x. 2.
I thra's,	2 Sam. xvii. 25.
S hahan,	1 Chron. ii. 35.
T ob,	Judg. xi. 3.
R ameses,	Exod. i. 11.
U zziah,	2 Chron. xxvi. 19.
T artan,	2 Kings xviii. 17.
H arod,	Judg. vii. 1.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Feb. 27th—1 hour, 3 minutes, 48 114-217 seconds—W. H. Morrow, J. N. Soders. 70 39-434 minutes—G. W. Duval. 4 hours, 3 minutes, 4816-31 seconds—E. P. Norton. 63 351-434 minutes—W. F. L. Sanders. 1 hour, 3.357-434 minutes—W. Barrett. 2 hours, 34 112-249 minutes—W. Hoover. Int. will be filled at 3 minutes, 48 114-217 seconds past 6 o'clock—G. H. Belew.

Answers to W. Hoover's PROBLEM of same date—21875-279936—W. Hoover and J. Scott. 7-24 against 7—W. Barrett. 1.827.—J. N. Soders.

Answers to Augustus's PROBLEM of same date—First side, 148½ perches; second, 214½ perches; third, 231 perches; fourth, 198 perches; diagonal, 347½ perches—D. Diefenbach. Respective sides 147.69+, 213.33+, 229.74+ and 246.15+ perches. Diagonal, 262.56 perches—W. Hoover. Diagonal, 246.17+ perches; sides, 147.70+, 213.35+, 229.76+, 196.94+ perches—E. P. Norton. Diagonal, 246.17+ perches; sides, 147.70+, 213.35+, 229.76+, 196.94+ perches—J. N. Soders. Diagonal, 246, sides, 147.6+, 213.2+, 229.6+, 196.8+ perches—W. F. L. Sanders. Diagonal, 246.50; sides, 147.69, 213.33, 229.74, 196.92—C. J. Grovesat.

Puff Paste; a New and Easy Way.—One pint measure of sifted flour; a teaspoonful of salt; a teaspoonful of baking powder. Incorporate these by turns. Meanwhile, have made a very little ice water; also fill a tea-cup half full of lard, half butter, even full; place ice over it awhile; cut this up with a knife into the flour, about the size of a thimble; do not put in your hands, but add a very little ice water to make it adhere; roll out once on the pie board and roll it up; cut off enough for a pie, and roll out; put a piece of ice through while incorporating, taking it out before rolling up; bake ten minutes, not opening oven door the while.—E. E.